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A BOOK  
OF  
CHURCH HYMNS.



A BOOK  
F  
CHURCH HYMNS.

LONDON :  
THOMAS BOSWORTH,  
215, REGENT STREET.  
1865.

147. g. 2.

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## PREFACE.

THE present compilation is an attempt, made with some care, to supply a hymn-book that shall be adapted, as far as possible, to the services of the United Church of England and Ireland.

In making the selection, a higher importance has been attached to the poetical excellence of the hymns than has perhaps been usual in such compilations. No doubt the correctness and appropriateness of the religious sentiment expressed are the most essential qualifications of a *good* hymn ; and accordingly none have been admitted into this collection that are not in perfect harmony with the spirit of the Church of England as exhibited in the Book of Common Prayer. But it may be doubted whether a production in which the poetical element is wanting can fairly be called a hymn at all. All compositions open to this criticism have, therefore, as far as possible, been excluded, together with such as have not the dignity,

or at least the simplicity, of style that is suited to a sacred subject. It is hoped that as a result there will be found in this book most of the really good hymns in the English language, with but few that are unworthy, as compositions, of the place accorded to them.

As, with few exceptions, the use of the hymns here collected is unauthorized, it has been thought right to append to them the names of the authors or translators, where they are ascertainable. There is, however, so much doubt as to the authorship of the earlier Latin hymns, that in many cases the names cannot be attached with any degree of certainty.

The hymns have been printed mostly in the form in which the writers left them ; but where any deviation from the original text has been generally adopted, and appears desirable, it has been retained ; and in all the cases in which an alteration is known to have been made, an asterisk is placed after the name. Where an asterisk is placed against the doxology, the latter did not originally form part of the hymn, but has been appended to it.

The compiler acknowledges with gratitude the kindness of those who have permitted the use of their copyright hymns. Amongst these

his thanks are especially due to the Very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury, the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, the Rev. W. J. Blew,\* the Rev. W. W. How, and the Rev. Edward Caswall, for the hymns of which they are respectively the authors ; to the Rev. Dr. Neale, for seven hymns from "Mediæval Hymns and Sequences" (London : Masters) ; five from "Hymns of the Eastern Church" (London : Hayes) ; and six from "Hymns for Children" (London : Masters) ; to the Rev. William E. Green, of Trinity Church, Lambeth, for the hymns and translations bearing his name, and which appear in this book for the first time ; to the proprietors of the copyright of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," for four hymns † inserted from their collection ; and to Messrs. Longman and Co. for six hymns translated from the German by Miss Winkworth, from the "Lyra Germanica."

Regarding the arrangement of the hymns a few words are necessary. It has lately been said by a high authority, and seems to be now generally felt, that no hymn-book can be regarded as altogether satisfactory, or as practically adapted for use in our Churches, unless

\* Nos. 30, 138, 141, 179, 227, and 261.  
† Nos. 24, 67, 70, and 91.

it provides appropriate hymns for each Sunday and Holy-day throughout the year. The difficulty of making the distribution is great, but it has been attempted in this compilation. In assigning the hymns to the several days, the Editor has had regard rather to the general appropriateness of the hymn to the season or day, than to its coincidence with casual expressions in the services. Admitting that in many cases he could have wished for a hymn more specially fitted for the day than he has been able to obtain, he yet trusts that in no case will the selection be found to be altogether inappropriate.

Any information or advice that may serve to render a future edition of this collection more worthy of general adoption will be very thankfully received.

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**NOTE.**—*One or more of the Hymns for the several Sundays and  
Holy-Days will generally serve for the Week-days following.*

*HYMNS FOR SUNDAYS AND  
HOLY-DAYS.*

*First Sunday in Advent.*

I.

*Morning.*

*Vox clara ecce intonat.*

- 1 WAKE ! a voice is sounding nigh :  
Light is breaking o'er the sky :  
Hence, vain slothful dreams, away !  
Jesus bringeth in the day.
- 2 Now ye slumbering souls arise,  
Shaking loose all fleshly ties ;  
Lo ! the new-born Star Divine  
Sheds on earth its ray benign.
- 3 From above the Lamb is sent,  
Cancelling all our punishment :  
Seek we then, with contrite tears,  
Freedom from our guilty fears ;
- 4 So, when He again shall come,  
Striking earth with terror dumb,  
May we not His anger see,  
But His grace our shelter be.

B

- 5 Honour, glory, love, and praise  
 Be, through never-ending days,  
 To the Father and the Son  
 And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

*Attributed to St. Ambrose.*

*W. E. Green. (tr.)*

2.

*Verbum supernum prodiens.*

- 1 O WORD Eternal ! who wast God  
 Before creation's prime ;  
 Content, as Man, with man to dwell  
 In late-revolving time :
- 2 Now kindle in our breasts the flame  
 Of heavenly love and light ;  
 That sin still lingering may from thence  
 At Thy command take flight.
- 3 So when Thy Judgment-throne is set  
 And every heart laid bare ;—  
 When secret guilt, and hidden worth,  
 Shall each just guerdon share ;—
- 4 May we not stand with wicked men  
 Thine enemies confess ;  
 But enter, with true virgin souls,  
 Thine everlasting rest.
- 5 Then glory, honour, power, and praise  
 In grateful hymns shall be  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
 Through all eternity. Amen.

*W. E. Green. (tr.)*

3.

*Evening.*

*Conditor alme siderum.*

- 1 MAKER of the starry sphere,  
Light to faithful bosoms dear,  
Jesu, Saviour, Lord of all,  
Hearken to Thy people's call.
- 2 When our nature fainting lay,  
Crushed by Satan's cruel sway,  
Blest Physician, Thou in love  
Cam'st with healing from above.
- 3 In the blessed Virgin's womb  
Purest flesh Thou didst assume,  
That to God on high might rise  
An all-holy Sacrifice.
- 4 Unto heaven exalted now,  
At Thy holy Name shall bow,  
All that on the earth do dwell,  
All in heaven, and all in hell.
- 5 Thou, who on the judgment day  
Our most secret thoughts shalt weigh,  
Shield us now with pitying care,  
Guard us from temptation's snare.
- 6 Honour, glory, love, and praise  
Be, through never-ending days,  
To the Father and the Son  
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

*The three preceding Hymns may be used throughout Advent.*

## 4.

*Instantis adventum Dei.*

- 1 THE Advent of our God  
Our prayers must now employ,  
And we must meet Him on His road  
With hymns of holy joy.
  - 2 The everlasting Son  
Incarnate soon shall be :  
He will a servant's form put on,  
To make His people free.
  - 3 Daughter of Zion, rise  
And greet thy lowly King,  
And do not wickedly despise  
The mercies He will bring.
  - 4 As Judge, in clouds of light,  
He will come down again,  
And all His scattered saints unite  
With Him in heaven to reign.
  - 5 Before that dreadful day  
May all our sin be gone ;  
May the old man be put away,  
And the new man put on !
  - 6 Praise to the Saviour Son  
From all the angel host :  
Like praise be to the Father, Son,  
And to the Holy Ghost. Amen.
- J. Chandler. (tr.)*

## 5.

- 1 **H**OSONNA to the Living Lord !  
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word !  
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.  
Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !
- 2 "Hosanna," Lord, Thine angels cry ;  
"Hosanna," Lord, Thy saints reply :  
Above, beneath us, and around,  
The dead and living swell the sound.  
Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !
- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care  
Return to this Thy house of prayer,  
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,  
Where we Thy parting promise claim.  
Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !
- 4 But, chieftest, in our cleansèd breast,  
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest ;  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.  
Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,  
When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again.  
Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

Amen.

*Bp. R. Heber.*

## 6.

- 1 THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,  
The hills their fixèd seat forsake ;  
And, withering from the vault of night,  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come ! but not the same  
As once in lowly form He came ;  
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
The Bruised, the Suffering, and the Dead.
- 3 The Lord will come ! a dreadful Form,  
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm !  
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human-kind.
- 4 Can this be He who wont to stray  
A pilgrim on the world's highway,  
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride,  
The Nazarene, the Crucified ?
- 5 Go, tyrants ! to the rocks complain,  
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;  
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,  
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come !

*Bp. R. Heber.\**

## 7.

- 1 LO ! He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain :  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of His train !  
Hallelujah !  
God appears, on earth to reign !

- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty ;  
Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;  
All who hate Him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;  
Come to judgment !  
Come to judgment, come away !
- 4 Now Redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear !  
All His saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet Him in the air :  
Hallelujah !  
See the day of God appear !
- 5 Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit ;  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom ;  
The new heaven and earth t' inherit  
Take Thy pining exiles home :  
All creation  
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.
- 6 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal throne :  
Saviour, take the power and glory ;  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own :  
O come quickly,  
Everlasting God, come down ! Amen.  
*C. Wesley, J. Cennick, & M. Madan.*

## 8.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesu Christ, with us abide,  
For round us falls the evening-tide ;  
Nor let Thy Word, our glorious light,  
For us be ever veiled in night.
- 2 In these dark days that yet remain,  
May we Thy Sacraments maintain,  
And keep Thy Word still free and pure,  
And steadfast in the faith endure. Amen.  
*Selnecker. C. Winkworth. (tr.)*

*Third Sunday in Advent.*

## 9.

*Jordanis oras prævia.*

- 1 **O**N Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry  
Announces that the Lord is nigh ;  
Come then and hearken, for he brings  
Glad tidings from the King of kings.
- 2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,  
And furnished for so great a Guest ;  
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare  
For Christ to come and enter there.
- 3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,  
Our refuge and our great reward ;  
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,  
And wither like a flower decayed.

- 4 Stretch forth Thine hand to heal our sore,  
And make us rise to fall no more ;  
Once more upon Thy people shine,  
And fill the world with love divine.
- 5 To Him who left the throne of heaven  
To save mankind, all praise be given ;  
Like praise be to the Father done,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

J. Chandler. (tr.)

I.O.

- 1 JESUS, Thy Church with longing eyes  
For Thy expected coming waits ;  
When will the promised light arise,  
And glory beam from Zion's gates ?
- 2 Ev'n now, when tempests round us fall,  
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,  
Thy words with pleasure we recall,  
And deem that our redemption's nigh.
- 3 Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,  
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,  
Man's rooted enmity subdue,  
And crown Thy Gospel with success.
- 4 O come, and reign o'er every land ;  
Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd ;  
All nations bow to Thy command,  
And grace revive a dying world !

- 5 Yes, Thou wilt speedily appear !  
     The smitten earth already reels ;  
     And not far off we seem to hear  
         The thunder of Thy chariot wheels.
- 6 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer  
     To wait for the appointed hour ;  
     And fit us by Thy grace to share  
         The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

*W. H. Bathurst.*

III.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled ?  
     Nor longer might Thy grace endure,  
     To heal the sick, and raise the dead,  
         And preach Thy gospel to the poor ?
- 2 Come, Jesus, come ! return again ;  
     With brighter beam Thy servants bless,  
     Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,  
         And share Thy kingdom's happiness.
- 3 A feeble race, by passion driven,  
     In darkness and in doubt we roam,  
     And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,  
         Our hope, our harbour, and our home.
- 4 Yet mid the wild and wintry gale,  
     When death rides darkly o'er the sea,  
     And strength and earthly daring fail,  
         Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on Thee.

- 5 Come, Jesus, come ! and as of yore  
The prophet went to clear Thy way,  
A harbinger Thy feet before,  
A dawning to Thy brighter day ;
- 6 So now may grace with heavenly shower  
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;  
Sow in our souls the seed of power,  
Then come and reap Thy harvest there.

Amen.

*Bp. R. Heber.*

*Fourth Sunday in Advent.*

I 2.

*Veni, veni Emmanuel.*

- 1 O COME, O come, Emmanuel,  
And ransom captive Israel ;  
That mourns in lonely exile here,  
Until the Son of God appear.  
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel !
- 2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny ;  
From depths of hell Thy people save,  
And give them victory o'er the grave.  
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel !
- 3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer  
Our spirits by Thine Advent here ;

Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
 And death's dark shadows put to flight.  
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel  
 Shall come to thee, O Israel !

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come  
 And open wide our heavenly home ;  
 Make safe the way that leads on high,  
 And close the path to misery.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel  
 Shall come to thee, O Israel !

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,  
 Who to Thy tribes, from Sinai's height,  
 In ancient time didst give the Law,  
 In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel  
 Shall come to thee, O Israel ! Amen.

*J. M. Neale. (tr. \*)*

### I3.

1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,  
 Born to set Thy people free,  
 From our fears and sins release us,  
 Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all the saints Thou art ;  
 Dear desire of every nation,  
 Joy of every longing heart.

- 3 Born Thy people to deliver,  
    Born a Child, and yet a King,  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
    Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,  
    Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
    Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

*M. Madan.*

## 14.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,  
    The Saviour promised long ;  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
    And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release  
    In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
    The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
    To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eye-balls of the blind  
    To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
    The bleeding soul to cure ;  
And with the treasures of His grace  
    To enrich the humble poor.

- 5 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
     Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
     And heaven's eternal arches ring  
         With Thy belovèd name.

*P. Doddridge.*

I 5.

- 1 Y E heavens, O haste your dews to shed,  
     Ye clouds, rain gladness on our head,  
     Thou earth, behold the time of grace,  
         And blossom forth in righteousness !
- 2 O living Sun, with joy break forth,  
     And pierce the gloomy clefts of earth ;  
     Behold, the mountains melt away  
         Like wax beneath Thine ardent ray !
- 3 O Life-dew of the Churches, come,  
     And bid this arid desert bloom !  
     The sorrows of Thy people see,  
         And take our human flesh on Thee.
- 4 Refresh the parched and drooping mind,  
     The broken limb in mercy bind ;  
     Us sinners from our guilt release,  
         And fill us with Thy heavenly peace.
- 5 O wonder ! night no more is night !  
     Comes then at last the longed-for light ?  
     Ah yes, Thou shonest, O true Sun,  
         In whom are God and man made one !

*J. Franck. C. Winkworth. (tr.)*

## 16.

- 1 COME, Lord Jesus, take Thy rest  
In the convert sinner's breast ;  
Make the quickened heart Thy throne,  
Son of God, the Virgin's Son.
- 2 God in man, Incarnate God,  
Sinless Child of flesh and blood,  
Man in God, Thy brethren we,  
Raise us up to God in Thee.
- 3 Come and give us peace within ;  
Loose us from the bands of sin :  
Take away the galling weight  
Laid on us by Satan's hate.
- 4 Give us grace Thy yoke to wear,  
Give us strength Thy cross to bear ;  
Make us Thine in deed and word,  
Thine in heart and life, O Lord.
- 5 Kill in us the carnal root,  
That the Spirit may bear fruit ;  
Plant in us Thy lowly mind,  
Keep us faithful, loving, kind.
- 6 So, when Thou shalt come again,  
Judge of angels and of men,  
We with all Thy saints shall sing  
Hallelujahs to our King. Amen.

*B. H. Kennedy.*

## 17.

1 HARK ! the herald angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born King,  
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful all ye nations rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies ;  
 With the angelic host proclaim,  
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hark ! the herald angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
 Late in time behold Him come,  
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.  
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;  
 Hail, th' Incarnate Deity !  
 Pleased, as Man, with man to dwell,  
 Jesus, our Immanuel.

Hark ! &c.

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !  
 Hail, the Sun of righteousness !  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Risen with healing in His wings.  
 Mild He lays His glory by  
 Born that man no more may die ;  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.

Hark ! &c.

*C. Wesley.\**

## 18.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
    All seated on the ground,  
The Angel of the Lord came down,  
    And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread  
    Had seized their troubled mind,)  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
    To you and all mankind."
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day  
    Is born of David's line,  
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord ;—  
    And this shall be the sign :
- 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
    To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,  
    And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the Seraph ; and forthwith  
    Appeared a shining throng  
Of Angels, praising God, and thus  
    Addressed their joyful song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
    And to the earth be peace ;  
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,  
    Begin, and never cease !" Amen.

*N. Tate.*

C

19.

Adeste, fideles.

- 1 O COME, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem ;  
See in a manger  
The Monarch of Angels :  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 God of God,  
Light of Light,  
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;  
Very God,  
Begotten, not created :  
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

3 Sing, choirs of Angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,  
Glory to God  
In the highest :  
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
Born this happy morning ;  
Jesu, to Thee be glory given ;  
Word of the Father,  
Late in Flesh appearing :  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

## 20.

*Corde natus ex Parentis.*

- 1 **O**F the Father's Love begotten  
Ere the worlds began to be,  
He is Alpha and Omega,  
He the source, the ending He,  
Of the things that are, that have been,  
And that future years shall see,  
Yea, for ever, evermore.
- 2 This is He whom seers in old time  
Chanted of with one accord ;  
Whom the voices of the Prophets  
Promised in their faithful word :  
Now He shines, the long-expected,  
Let creation praise its Lord ;  
Yea, for ever, evermore.
- 3 O that Birth for ever blessed !  
When the Virgin, full of grace,  
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,  
Bare the Saviour of our race ;  
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,  
First revealed His sacred Face,  
Yea, for ever, evermore.
- 4 O ye heights of heaven, adore Him :  
Angel-hosts, His praises sing :  
All dominions, bow before Him,  
And extol our God and King ;  
Let no tongue on earth be silent,  
Every voice in concert ring,  
Yea, for ever, evermore !

5 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,  
     And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
     Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,  
         And unwearied praises be,  
     Honour, glory, and dominion,  
         And eternal victory,  
     Yea, for ever, evermore ! Amen.

## 21.

- 1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,  
     For to us a Child is born ;  
     From the highest realms of heaven  
     Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On His shoulder He shall bear  
     Power and majesty, and wear  
     On His vesture and His thigh,  
     Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel He,  
     The Incarnate Deity ;  
     Sire of ages ne'er to cease,  
     King of kings, and Prince of Peace.
- 4 Come and worship at His feet,  
     Yield to Christ the homage meet,  
     From His manger to His throne ;—  
     Homage due to God alone. Amen.

*J. Montgomery.*

## 22.

*Jam desinant suspiria.*

- 1 GOD from on high hath heard,  
Let sighs and sorrows cease ;  
The skies unfold, and lo !  
    Descends the gift of Peace.  
Hark ! on the midnight air  
    Celestial voices swell ;  
The hosts of heaven proclaim,  
    “ God comes on earth to dwell.”
- 2 Haste with the shepherds ; see  
    The mystery of grace.  
A manger bed—a Child,  
    Is all the eye can trace.  
Is this the Eternal Son,  
    Who on the starry throne,  
Before the worlds began,  
    Ruled glorious and alone ?
- 3 Yea, faith can pierce the cloud  
    Which shrouds His glory now ;  
And hails Him Lord and God,  
    To whom the Angels bow.  
To God the Father, Son,  
    And Spirit, glory be ;  
Of Virgin-mother born,  
    All glory, Christ, to Thee ! Amen.

## 23.

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth !  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's Birth !  
    Come and worship,  
    Worship Christ, the new-born King !
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the Infant-Light :  
    Come and worship,  
    Worship Christ, the new-born King !
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar ;  
Seek the great Desire of nations ;  
Ye have seen His natal star :  
    Come and worship,  
    Worship Christ, the new-born King !
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His Temple shall appear :  
    Come and worship,  
    Worship Christ, the new-born King !
- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,  
Justice now revokes the sentence,  
Mercy calls you—break your chains :  
    Come and worship,  
    Worship Christ, the new-born King !

*J. Montgomery.*

## 24.

*O qui tuo, dux martyrum.*

- 1 FIRST of Martyrs, he whose name  
Does the golden crown proclaim ;  
Not of flowers that fade away  
Woven is that crown to-day.
- 2 Bright the stones, which bruise him, gleam,  
Sprinkled with his life-blood's stream ;  
Stars around a sainted head  
Never could such radiance shed.
- 3 Every wound upon his brow  
Sparkles with unearthly glow ;  
Like an angel's is his face,  
Beaming with celestial grace.
- 4 Blest to be the first to fall,  
Slain for Him who bled for all ;  
First like Him in dying hour  
Witness to Almighty power ;
- 5 First to follow where He trod,  
Through the Red Sea of His blood ;  
First ; but on his footsteps press  
Saints and martyrs numberless.
- 6 Praise to Father and to Thee,  
Fount of grace and sanctity ;  
Glory to the Holy Ghost,  
From the saints and heavenly host. Amen

## 25.

- 1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain ;  
His blood-red banner streams afar :  
Who follows in His train ?
- 2 Who best can drink His cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears His cross below,  
He follows in His train.
- 3 The Martyr, first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave ;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save.
- 4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong :  
Who follows in his train ?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came ;  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane ;  
They bowed their necks the death to feel :  
Who follows in their train ?

- 7 A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.
- 8 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain ;  
O God ! to us may grace be given ,  
To follow in their train ! Amen.

*Bp. R. Heber.*

*St. John the Evangelist's Day.*

## 26.

- 1 WORD Supreme, before creation  
Born of God eternally,  
Who didst will for our salvation  
To be born on earth, and die ;  
Well Thy saints have kept their station,  
Watching till Thine hour drew nigh.
- 2 Now, 'tis come, and faith espies Thee ;  
Like an eaglet in the morn,  
One in steadfast worship eyes Thee,  
Thy beloved, Thy latest born :  
In Thy glory he descries Thee  
Reigning from the tree of scorn.
- 3 He first, hoping and believing,  
Did beside the grave adore ;  
Latest he, the warfare leaving,  
Landed on th' eternal shore ;  
And his witness we receiving  
Own Thee Lord for evermore.

26           *St. John the Evangelist's Day.*

- 4 Much he asked in loving wonder,  
    On Thy bosom leaning, Lord ;  
In that secret place of thunder  
    Answer kind didst Thou accord,  
Wisdom for Thy Church to ponder  
    Till the day of dread award.
- 5 Lo ! heaven's doors lift up, revealing  
    How Thy judgments earthward move,  
Scrolls unfolded, trumpets pealing,  
    Wine cups from the wrath above ;  
Yet o'er all a soft voice stealing—  
    “ Little children, trust and love ! ”

*J. Keble.*

27.

*Iussu tyranni pro fide.*

- 1 EXPELLED by tyrant's harsh command,  
    The Exile on the sea-girt strand,  
Disdainful of the chains of earth,  
    Asserts his free celestial birth.
- 2 Before him stands, in vision dread,  
Jesus who liveth, and was dead :  
    The Lamb for us a Victim slain ;  
The Lion who hath rent death's chain.
- 3 There, to the prophet's kindling eye,  
He pictures heaven's bright mystery ;  
And shows, with blood of martyrs sown,  
    Earth's kingdoms conquered for His own.

- 4 Grant us, O Christ, with Thee to die ;—  
With Thee to rise and reign on high ;—  
All gain terrestrial to despise,  
And joys celestial only prize.
- 5 We praise the Father, and the Son  
Who hath o'er death the victory won,  
That we, with Him, may conquerors be ;  
With whom, blest Spirit, praise to Thee. Amen.

*W. E. Green. (tr.)*

*The Innocents' Day.*

28.

*Hymnum canentes martyrum.*

- 1 T HE hymn for Infant Martyrs raise  
Through whom the Lord did perfect praise ;  
Whom earth so early cast away,  
And heaven with joy received to-day ;  
Whose angels see the Father's face,  
World without end, and sing His grace.
- 2 A voice from Ramah was there sent,  
A voice of weeping and lament,  
When Rachel mourned her children sore,  
Whom for the tyrant's sword she bore ;  
Triumphant is their glory now,  
The first for Christ in death to bow.
- 3 Dwelling on Sion's holy hill,  
The Lamb's own steps they follow still ;  
Death hath no power to hurt them more,  
The hour of pain and grief is o'er ;  
All bright they shine in heavenly day,  
And every tear is wiped away.

*Ven. Bede. J. M. Neale. (tr.)*

## 29.

- 1 **G**LORY to Thee, O Lord !  
Who, from this world of sin,  
By the fierce Herod's ruthless sword  
Those precious ones didst win.
- 2 Glory to Thee, O Lord !  
For now, all grief unknown,  
They wait in patience their reward,  
The martyr's heavenly crown.
- 3 Baptized in their own blood,  
Earth's untried perils o'er,  
They passed unconsciously the flood,  
And safely gained the shore.
- 4 Glory to Thee for all  
The ransomed infant band,  
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,  
And reached the quiet land !
- 5 Oh, that our hearts within,  
Like theirs, were pure and bright ;  
Oh, that as free from deeds of sin  
We shrunk not from Thy sight !
- 6 Lord, help us every hour  
Thy cleansing grace to claim ;  
In life to glorify Thy power,  
In death to praise Thy Name. Amen.

## 30.

- 1 BEHOLD from heaven a Saviour sent,  
Earth kneel thy Prince before ;  
And let the starry firmament  
The Virgin-born adore.
- 2 Maker of all, Himself hath He  
In servant guise arrayed ;  
With flesh of man, man's flesh to free,  
And save the souls He made.
- 3 Word of the Sire—ere Time began,  
The Father's breast He leaves ;  
And born in Time—as Son of Man,  
An infant's birth receives.
- 4 Where feeds the ox He deigns to feed,  
The hay His pallet-bed ;  
He deigns a little milk to need,  
On whom the Saints are fed.
- 5 The Hands that wield earth, seas, and skies,  
With swaddling bands are wound ;  
A weak and wailing Babe He lies,  
To lift us from the ground.
- 6 Judge of the world—His outstretched hands  
Us to His crib invite ;  
O love unbounded, that demands  
A love as infinite.

- 7 Borne at the Virgin Mother's breast,  
     Lord Jesu, praise to Thee ;  
     With Holy Sire and Spirit Blest,  
     To all eternity. Amen.

## 31.

*Psalm XCVIII.*

- 1 JOY to the world ! the Lord is come ;  
     Let earth receive her King ;  
     Let every heart prepare Him room,  
     And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns ;  
     Let men their songs employ ;  
     While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
     Repeat the sounding joy :
- 3 Let the whole earth His love proclaim,  
     With all her different tongues ;  
     And spread the honour of His Name,  
     In melody and songs.
- 4 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
     Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
     He comes to make His blessings flow,  
     Far as the curse is found.
- 5 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
     And makes the nations prove  
     The glories of His righteousness,  
     And wonders of His love.

*I. Watts.*

## 32.

- 1 CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways !
- 2 O ye banished seed, be glad !  
Christ our Advocate is made ;  
Us to save, our flesh assumes ;  
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest !  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light !  
Zion's city is in sight :  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 5 Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land ;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord ! obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below :  
Only Thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee !

*J. Cennick*

## 33.

*Felix dies quam proprio.*

- 1 O BLESSED day, when first was poured  
The Blood of our Redeeming Lord !  
O blessed day, when first began  
His sufferings for sinful man !
- 2 Scarce entered on this life of woe,  
His Infant Blood begins to flow ;  
A foretaste of His death He feels,  
An earnest of His love reveals.
- 3 From heaven descending to fulfil  
The bidding of His Father's will,  
A victim even now He lies  
Before the day of sacrifice.
- 4 For love of us His woes begin ;  
The Sinless suffers for our sin ;  
The Law's great Maker for our aid  
Obedient to the Law is made ;
- 5 The wound He through the Law endures  
Our freedom from that Law secures ;  
Henceforth a holier law prevails,  
The law of love, which never fails.
- 6 Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray,  
And take what is not Thine away ;  
Thy Name, Thy likeness may they bear ;  
Yea, stamp Thy holy image there.

- 7 O Lord, the Virgin-born, to Thee  
Eternal praise and glory be ;  
Whom with the Father we adore,  
And Holy Ghost, for evermore. Amen.

*J. Chandler. (tr.\*.)*

34.

*Verbum quod ante secula.*

- 1 T HE Word, who dwelt above the skies  
With God before the world began,  
Now on the Virgin's bosom lies,  
A helpless new-born Child of man.

- 2 Already, on His sinless Head,  
The streams of wrath begin to flow ;  
Already, on His infant bed,  
The taste of grief the Lord must know.

- 3 The lowliest poverty He bears,  
That we may be with wealth supplied ;  
He weeps, and by His precious tears  
A guilty world is purified.

- 4 A simple dress, a mean abode,  
A life obscure His glory hide :  
Proud man ! behold thy lowly God,  
And let the sight destroy thy pride.

- 5 O Thou who camest from the sky  
To be the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Thou wilt not leave Thy saints to die,  
Nor let such toil be spent in vain.

*J. Chandler. (tr.)*

*See Hymns for the New Year at page 263.*

## 35.

*Victis sibi cognomina.*

- 1 'T IS for conquering kings to gain  
Glory o'er their myriads slain :  
Jesu, Thy more glorious strife  
Hath restored a world to life.
- 2 So no other name is given  
Unto mortals under heaven,  
Which can make the dead to rise,  
And exalt them to the skies.
- 3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,  
That which He so dearly bought,  
That salvation, mortals, say,  
Will you madly cast away ?
- 4 Rather, gladly for that Name  
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;  
Joyfully for Him to die  
Is not death, but victory.
- 5 Dost Thou, Jesu, condescend  
To be called the sinners' Friend ?  
Ours then it shall always be  
Thus to make our boast of Thee.
- 6 Glory to the Father be ;  
Glory, Virgin-born, to Thee ;  
Glory to the Holy Ghost,  
Ever from the heavenly host. Amen.

*J. Chandler. (tr.)*

## 36.

- 1 JESUS ! Name of wondrous love !  
Name all other names above !  
Unto which must every knee  
Bow in deep humility.
- 2 Jesus ! Name decreed of old ;  
To the maiden mother told,  
Kneeling in her lowly cell,  
By the angel Gabriel.
- 3 Jesus ! Name of priceless worth  
To the fallen sons of earth,  
For the promise that it gave—  
“Jesus shall His people save.”
- 4 Jesus ! Name of mercy mild,  
Given to the holy Child,  
When the cup of human woe  
First He tasted here below.
- 5 Jesus ! Only Name that's given  
Under all the mighty heaven,  
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,  
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
- 6 Jesus ! Name of wondrous love !  
Human Name of Him above !  
Pleading only this we flee,  
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

*W. W. How.*

## 37.

*O sola magnarum urbium.*

- 1 BETHLEHEM ! of noblest cities  
None can once with thee compare ;  
Thou alone the Lord from Heaven  
Didst for us Incarnate bear.
  - 2 Fairer than the sun at morning  
Was the star that told His Birth ;  
To the lands their God announcing,  
Hid beneath a form of earth.
  - 3 By its lambent beauty guided,  
See the Eastern kings appear,  
See them bend, their gifts to offer,  
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.
  - 4 Offerings of mystic meaning !  
Incense doth the God disclose ;  
Gold a royal Child proclaimeth ;  
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.
  - 5 Holy Jesu ! in Thy brightness  
To the Gentile world displayed,  
With the Father, and the Spirit,  
Endless praise to Thee be paid. Amen.
- Prudentius.*  
*E. Caswall. (tr.)*

## 38.

- 1 HAIL the day, when in the sky  
Shone the Day-spring from on high ;  
When the star from heaven displayed  
Where the holy Child was laid.

- 2 Onward moving that bright flame  
Did the Saviour's birth proclaim ;  
And the Gentiles came to bring  
Offerings to their Infant King.
- 3 Lord of glory, may Thy light  
Shine upon our darkened sight,  
Till it guide us to the rest  
Where Thy people shall be blest.
- 4 May it light us on the road  
Leading to the throne of God ;  
And our offering then shall be  
Hearts devoted, Lord, to Thee.
- 5 Hymns of glory and of praise,  
Father, unto Thee we raise ;  
Praise to Thee, O Christ our King,  
And the Holy Ghost, we sing. Amen.

## 39.

*Crudelis Herodes Deum.*

- 1 WHY, cruel Herod, quake with fear  
To see thy God as King appear ?  
He who claims Heaven for His own  
Will never snatch thy earthly throne.
- 2 The Eastern Sages, from afar,  
Obey with joy the guiding star ;  
The True Light, by its light, they seek,  
And own Him God with homage meek.

- 3 In Jordan's pure baptismal wave  
The lowly Lamb of God doth lave :  
Whose washing, sins which He ne'er brought  
Hath borne away, and made as nought.
- 4 Surprise to trembling awe was hushed  
When water in the vessels blushed ;  
And, bidden by His word Divine,  
The crystal drops formed ruddy wine.
- 5 Jesus ! to Thee be endless praise,  
Whom Gentiles saw in later days ;  
And owned, revealèd in Thy Face,  
The Father's Love, the Spirit's Grace.

*Sedilius.*

*W. E. Green. (tr.)*

## 40.

- 1 SONS of men, behold from far !  
Hail the long-expected Star !  
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,  
Guides bewildered nature right.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,  
Piecing through the shades of death,  
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,  
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, far off and near,  
Haste to see your God appear ;  
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,  
Meet Him manifested there.

- 4 There behold the Day-spring rise,  
Pouring light upon your eyes ;  
See it chase the shades away,  
Shining to the perfect day.
- 5 Sing, ye morning-stars, again ;  
God descends on earth to reign ;  
Deigns for man His life to employ ;  
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy !
- 6 \*Hymns of glory and of praise,  
Father, unto Thee we raise ;  
Praise to Thee, O Christ, our King,  
And the Holy Ghost, we sing. Amen.

*C. Wesley.*

#### 41.

- 1 THE race that long in darkness pined  
Have seen a glorious Light ;  
The people dwell in day, who dwelt  
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,  
The gathering nations come,  
Joyous as when the reapers bear  
The harvest-treasures home.
- 3 For Thou our burden hast removed,  
And quelled the oppressor's sway,  
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell  
In Midian's evil day.

- 4 To us a Child of Hope is born,  
    To us a Son is given ;  
    Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
    Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 5 His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
    For evermore adored,  
    The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
    The great and mighty Lord.
- 6 His power increasing still shall spread,  
    His reign no end shall know :  
    Justice shall guard His throne above,  
    And peace abound below. Amen.

*J. Morrison.*

## 42.

### *Jesu dulcis memoria.*

- 1 JESU !—the very thought is sweet !  
    In that dear Name all heart-joys meet ;  
    But sweeter than the honey far  
    The glimpses of His Presence are.
- 2 No word is sung more sweet than this,  
    No name is heard more full of bliss :  
    No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,  
    Than Jesus, Son of God Most High.
- 3 Jesu ! the Hope of souls forlorn !  
    How good to them for sin that mourn !  
    To them that seek Thee, Oh how kind !  
    But what art Thou to them that find ?

- 4 Remain with us, O Lord, to-day,  
In every heart Thy Grace display ;  
That, now the shades of night are fled,  
On Thee our spirits may be fed.
- 5 All honour, laud, and glory be,  
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee ;  
All glory as is ever meet,  
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.  
*St. Bernard.*  
*J. M. Neale. (tr.)*

## 43.

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,  
With mild benignant ray,  
The Gentiles to the lowly shed,  
Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo ! a brighter, clearer light  
Now points to His abode ;  
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,  
To guide us to our God.
- 3 O haste to follow where it leads ;  
The gracious call obey ;  
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,  
The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O gladly tread the narrow path  
While light and grace are given :  
Who meekly follow Christ on earth  
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

## 44.

*Divine crescebas puer.*

- 1 IN stature grows the heavenly Child,  
With death before His eyes ;  
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,  
Prepared for sacrifice.
- 2 The Son of God His glory hides  
With parents mean and poor :  
And He who made the heaven abides  
In dwelling-place obscure.
- 3 Those mighty hands that stay the sky  
No earthly toil refuse,  
And He who set the stars on high  
An humble trade pursues.
- 4 He before whom the angels stand,  
At whose behest they fly,  
Now yields Himself to man's command,  
And lays His glory by.
- 5 The Father's name we loudly raise,  
The Son we all adore,  
The Holy Ghost, one God, we praise  
Both now and evermore. Amen.

*J. Chandler. (tr.)*

## 45.

- 1 JESU ! behold, the Wise from far,  
Led to Thy cradle by a star,  
Bring gifts to Thee, their God and King !  
O guide us by Thy light, that we  
The way may find, and still to Thee  
Our hearts, our all, for tribute bring !

- 2 Jesu ! the pure, the spotless Lamb,  
Who to the Temple humbly came,  
Duteous, the legal rites to pay !  
O make our proud, our stubborn will  
All Thy wise, gracious laws fulfil,  
Whate'er rebellious nature say !
- 3 Jesu ! who on the fatal wood  
Pour'dst out Thy life's last drop of blood,  
Nailed to the accursed shameful cross !  
O may we bless Thy love, and be  
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for Thee  
All shame, all grief, all pain, and loss !
- 4 Jesu ! who, by Thine own love slain,  
By Thine own power took'st life again,  
And Conqueror from the grave didst rise !  
O may Thy death our souls revive,  
And ev'n on earth a new life give,  
A glorious life, that never dies !
- 5 Jesu ! who to Thy heaven again  
Return'dst in triumph, there to reign,  
Of men and angels sovereign King !  
O may our parting souls take flight  
Up to that land of joy and light,  
And there for ever grateful sing !
- 6 All glory to the sacred Three,  
One undivided Deity !  
All honour, power, and love, and praise !  
Still may Thy blessed Name shine bright  
In beams of uncreated light,  
Crown'd with its own eternal rays ! Amen.

*J. Austin and J. Wesley.*

## 46.

**I** THOU that art the Father's Word,

Thou that art the Lamb of God,

Thou that art the Virgin's Son,

Thou that savest souls undone,

Sacred Sacrifice for sin,

Fount of piety within ;

Hail, Lord Jesus.

**2** Thou to whom Thine angels raise

Quiring songs of sweetest praise ;

Thou that art the flower and fruit,

Virgin-born from Jesse's root,

Shedding perfect peace abroad,

Perfect Man and perfect God ;

Hail, Lord Jesus.

**3** Thou that art the door of heaven,

Living Bread in mercy given,

Brightness of the Father's face,

Everlasting Prince of Peace,

Precious pearl beyond all price,

Brightest Star in all the skies ;

Hail, Lord Jesus.

**4** King and Spouse of holy hearts,

Fount of love that ne'er departs,

Sweetest life and brightest day,

Truest truth, and surest way

That leads onward to the blest

Sabbath of eternal rest ;

Hail, Lord Jesus.

*H. Alford.*

47.

- 1 O Hand of bounty, largely spread,  
By whom our every want is fed,  
Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,  
We owe them all, O Lord ! to Thee ;  
The corn, the oil, the purple wine,  
Are all Thy gifts, and only Thine.
- 2 The stream Thy word to nectar dyed,  
The bread Thy blessing multiplied,  
The stormy wind, the whelming flood,  
That silent at Thy mandate stood,  
How well they knew Thy voice Divine,  
Whose works they were, and only Thine !
- 3 Though now no more on earth we trace  
Thy footsteps of celestial grace,  
Obedient to Thy word and will  
We seek Thy daily mercy still ;  
Its blessed beams around us shine,  
And Thine we are, and only Thine ! Amen.

*Bp. R. Heber.*

48.

*Psalm LXXII.*

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

- 2 He comes with succour speedy,  
   To those who suffer wrong ;  
   To help the poor and needy,  
   And bid the weak be strong ;  
   To give them songs for sighing,  
   Their darkness turn to light,  
   Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
   Were precious in His sight.
- 3 He shall come down like showers  
   Upon the fruitful earth,  
   And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
   Spring in His path to birth ;  
   Before Him, on the mountains,  
   Shall peace, the herald, go,  
   And righteousness, in fountains,  
   From hill to valley flow.
- 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,  
   And gold and incense bring ;  
   All nations shall adore Him,  
   His praise all people sing ;  
   For He shall have dominion  
   O'er river, sea, and shore ;  
   Far as the eagle's pinion,  
   Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 5 O'er every foe victorious  
   He on His throne shall rest,  
   From age to age more glorious,  
   All-blessing and all-blest :

The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His name shall stand for ever,  
That name to us is Love.

*J. Montgomery.*

## 49.

- 1 **H**OLY Jesus, Saviour blest,  
As by passion strong possessed,  
Through this world of sin we stray,  
Thou to guide us art the Way.
- 2 Holy Jesus, when, like night,  
Error dims our clouded sight,  
Through the mists of sin to shine,  
Thou dost rise, the Truth divine.
- 3 Holy Jesus, when our power  
Fails us in temptation's hour,  
All unequal to the strife,  
Thou to aid us art the Life.
- 4 Who would reach his heavenly home,  
Who would to the Father come,  
Who His glorious presence see,  
Jesu, he must come by Thee.
- 5 Image of the Father's face,  
Giver of the Spirit's grace,  
Thee we praise, Incarnate Son !  
Glory to the Three in One ! Amen.

*Bp. R. Mant.\**

## 50.

- 1 BEHOLD ! the Mountain of the Lord  
 In latter days shall rise  
 On mountain tops, above the hills,  
 And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,  
 All tribes and tongues shall flow :  
 “ Up to the hill of God,”—they’ll say,  
 “ And to His house we’ll go.”

- 3 The beam that shines from Zion hill,  
 Shall lighten every land,  
 The King who reigns in Salem’s towers  
 Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah’s reign,  
 Or mar the peaceful years ;  
 To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,  
 To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 No longer hosts encountering hosts  
 Their millions slain deplore ;  
 They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
 And study war no more.
- 6 Come, then, O come, from every land,  
 To worship at His shrine ;  
 And, walking in the light of God,  
 With holy beauties shine. Amen.

*M. Bruce.*

## 51.

- 1 OH for a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace !
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honours of Thy Name.
- 3 Jesus ! the Name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 (He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free :  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood availed for me.)
- 5 He speaks ; and, listening to His voice  
New life the dead receive ;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;  
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy !

*C. Wesley.*

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## 52.

- 1 JESU, lover of my soul,  
    Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
    While the nearer waters roll,  
    While the tempest still is high :  
    Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,  
    Till the storm of life is past ;  
    Safe into the haven guide,  
    Oh receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;  
    Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :  
    Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
    Still support and comfort me :  
    All my trust on Thee is stayed ;  
    All my help from Thee I bring ;  
    Cover my defenceless head  
    With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ ! art all I want ;  
    More than all in Thee I find :  
    Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
    Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
    Just and holy is Thy name ;  
    I am all unrighteousness :  
    Vile and full of sin I am ;  
    Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
    Grace to cover all my sin ;  
    Let the healing streams abound ;  
    Make and keep me pure within :

- 5 Thou of life the fountain art,  
    Freely let me take of Thee :  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
    Rise to all eternity. Amen.

*C. Wesley.*

53.

*Psalm XCI.*

- 1 INCARNATE God, the soul that knows  
    Thy Name's mysterious power,  
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,  
    Nor fear the trying hour.
- 2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness, and love,  
    To feeble helpless worms,  
A buckler and a refuge prove  
    From enemies and storms.
- 3 Angels, unseen, attend the saints,  
    And bear them in their arms,  
To cheer the spirit when it faints,  
    And guard their life from harms.
- 4 The angels' Lord Himself is nigh  
    To them that love His name ;  
Ready to save them when they cry,  
    And put their foes to shame.
- 5 Crosses and changes are their lot,  
    Long as they sojourn here ;  
But, since their Saviour changes not,  
    What have the saints to fear ?

*J. Newton.*

## 54.

- 1    **T**HE angel comes, he comes to reap  
       The harvest of the Lord !  
       O'er all the earth with fatal sweep  
       Wide waves his flamy sword.
- 2    And who are they, in sheaves to bide  
       The fire of vengeance bound ?  
       The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride  
       Choked the fair crop around.
- 3    And who are they, reserved in store  
       God's treasure-house to fill ?  
       The wheat, a hundred-fold that bore  
       Amid surrounding ill.
- 4    O King of Mercy ! grant us power  
       Thy fiery wrath to flee !  
       In Thy destroying angel's hour,  
       O gather us to Thee ! Amen.

*H. H. Milman.*

## 55.

- 1    **O** CHRIST, the Light of heavenly day !  
       The shades of darkness chase away :  
       Those who in paths of danger roam,  
       Bring to Thy fold, their happy home.
- 2    Those who in error wander wide,  
       Let Thy bright beams of mercy guide ;  
       With those who in their secret heart,  
       By sin misled, from Thee depart.

- 3 And all beside who Thee forsake,  
Partakers of Thy mercy make ;  
Whom sin hath bruised and wounded, heal ;  
To them the hope of glory seal.
- 4 Oh that the deaf might hear Thy voice,  
The dumb to speak of Thee rejoice ;  
The thankless heart its silence break,  
And taught by faith, confession make.
- 5 O Lord, give sight unto the blind,  
And join us all in heart and mind :  
Oh gather the dispersed to Thee :  
The wavering, Lord, from doubt set free.
- 6 So they with us in bonds of love  
Shall sing Thy praise on earth—above,  
And Thee for all Thy grace adore,  
Here and in heaven for evermore. Amen.

*J. Heerman. A. T. Russell. (tr.)*

*Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.*

## 56.

- I SONGS of thankfulness and praise,  
Jesu, Lord, to Thee we raise ;  
Manifested by the Star  
To the Sages from afar ;  
Branch of royal David's stem  
In Thy Birth at Bethlehem.  
Anthems be to Thee addrest,  
God in Man made manifest.

- 2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,  
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme ;  
And at Cana Wedding-Guest,  
In Thy Godhead manifest ;  
Manifest in power Divine,  
Changing Water into Wine ;  
Anthems be to Thee address,  
God in Man made manifest.
- 3 Manifest in making whole  
Palsied limbs and fainting soul ;  
Manifest in valiant fight,  
Quelling all the Devil's might ;  
Manifest in gracious will,  
Ever bringing good from ill ;  
Anthems be to Thee address,  
God in Man made manifest.
- 4 Sun and Moon shall darkened be,  
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee ;  
Christ will then like lightning shine,  
All will see His glorious Sign :  
All will then the Trumpet hear ;  
All will see the Judge appear.  
Thou by all wilt be confess,  
God in Man made manifest.
- 5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,  
Mirrored in Thy holy Word ;  
May we imitate Thee now,  
And be pure, as pure art Thou ;  
That we like to Thee may be  
At Thy great Epiphany ;  
And may praise Thee, ever blest,  
God in Man made manifest. Amen.

*C. Wordsworth.*

## 57.

- 1 O VERY God of very God,  
And very Light of Light,  
Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod,  
That so it might be bright ;
- 2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,  
Thick darkness blinds our eyes ;  
Cold is the night, and O ! we long  
That Thou, our Sun, wouldest rise !
- 3 And even now, though dull and grey,  
The east is brightening fast,  
And kindling to the perfect day,  
That never shall be past.
- 4 O, guide us till our path be done,  
And we have reached the shore  
Where Thou, our Everlasting Sun,  
Art shining evermore !
- 5 We wait in faith, and turn our face  
To where the daylight springs,  
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,  
With healing on Thy wings.
- 6 To God the Father, power and might  
Both now and ever be ;  
To Him that is the Light of Light,  
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee. Amen.

*J. M. Neale.*

## 58.

*Te laeta mundi Conditor.*

- 1 CREATOR of the world, to Thee  
Eternal rest belongs,  
And heavenly choirs are ever free  
To pour their endless songs.
- 2 But we, poor fallen creatures, here  
Are doomed to toil and pain ;  
How then can we in exile drear  
Lift up the heavenly strain ?
- 3 O Father, who dost promise still  
To make the captive free,  
Grant us to mourn the deeds of ill  
That banish us from Thee ;
- 4 And, mourning, grant us faith to rest  
Upon Thy love and care :  
Till Thou restore us, with the blest  
The joys of heaven to share.
- 5 O God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
To Thee be praise, great Three in One,  
From Thy created host. Amen.

## 59.

- 1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts ;  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

- 2 The works of God, above, below,  
    Within us, and around,  
Are pages in that book to show  
    How God Himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,  
    Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
    In peace and order move.
- 4 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,  
    It steals in silence down ;  
But where it lights, the favoured place  
    By richest fruits is known.
- 5 One Name above all glorious names,  
    With its ten thousand tongues  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
    Echoing angelic songs.
- 6 The raging fire, the roaring wind,  
    Thy boundless power display ;  
But in the gentler breeze we find  
    Thy Spirit's viewless way.
- 7 Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin  
    Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
    Plain as the sea and sky.
- 8 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see,  
    And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
    And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

*J. Keble.*

60.

- 1      COME, labour on !  
       Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain ?  
       While all around him waves the golden grain,  
       And to each servant does the Master say  
           “ Go, work to-day ! ”
- 2      Come, labour on !  
       Claim the high calling Angels cannot share,—  
       To young and old the Gospel-gladness bear :  
       Redeem the time ; its hours too swiftly fly,  
           The night draws nigh.
- 3      Come, labour on !  
       The labourers are few, the field is wide,  
       New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied ;  
       From voices distant far, or near at home  
           The call is “ Come ! ”
- 4      Come, labour on !  
       The enemy is watching, night and day,  
       To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away.  
       While we in sleep our duty have forgot  
           He slumbered not.
- 5      Come, labour on !  
       Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear !  
       No arm so weak but may do service here ;  
       By feeblest agents can our God fulfil  
           His righteous will.
- 6      Come, labour on !  
       No time for rest, till glows the western sky,  
       While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,  
       And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,—  
           “ Servants, well done ! ”

- 7        Come, labour on !  
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,  
Blessed are those who to the end endure ;—  
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,  
    O Lord, with Thee !

*Sexagesima Sunday.*

## 61.

*Auctor beate sacerdotii.*

- 1    JESU, Creator of the world !  
    Of all mankind Redeemer blest !  
True God of God ! in Whom we see  
    The Father's Image clear expressed !
- 2    Thee, Saviour, love alone constrained  
    To make our mortal flesh Thine own ;  
Thou as a second Adam cam'st,  
    For the first Adam to atone.
- 3    That self-same Love, which made the sky,  
    Which made the sea and stars and earth,  
Took pity on our misery,  
    And broke the bondage of our birth.
- 4    O Jesu ! in Thy breast divine  
    That self-same Love doth ever glow ;  
For ever, mercy to mankind  
    Shall from that ceaseless fountain flow.
- 5    For this Thy pierced and wounded Heart  
    Poured forth the Water and the Blood,  
To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,  
    And reconcile the world to God.

- 6 To God the Father, and the Son,  
     All praise and power and glory be,  
     With Thee, O Holy Comforter,  
     Through time and through eternity. Amen.

## 62.

*Ira justa Conditoris.*

- 1 H E who once in righteous vengeance  
     Whelmed the world beneath the flood,  
     Once again in mercy cleansed it  
         With His own most precious blood,  
     Coming from His throne on high  
         On the bitter Cross to die.
- 2 O the wisdom of the Eternal,  
     O the depth of love Divine,  
     O the sweetness of that mercy  
         Which in Jesus Christ doth shine !  
     We were sinners doomed to die,  
         Jesus paid our penalty.
- 3 When before the Judge we tremble,  
     Conscious of His broken laws,  
     May His blood, in that dread moment,  
         Cry aloud and plead our cause,  
     Bid our fears for ever cease,  
         Be our pardon and our peace !
- 4 Prince and Author of salvation,  
     Lord of majesty supreme,  
     Jesu, praise to Thee be given  
         By the world Thou didst redeem :  
     Glory to the Father be,  
         And the Spirit, one with Thee. Amen.

*E. Caswall. (tr.)*

## 63.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God ! Thy word is cast  
Like seed upon the ground :  
Oh ! may it grow in humble hearts,  
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove ;  
But give it root in praying souls  
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy,  
But may it in converted minds  
Produce the fruits of joy.
- 4 Let not Thy word so kindly sent  
To raise us to Thy Throne  
Return to Thee, and sadly tell  
That we reject Thy Son.
- 5 Great God ! come down, and on Thy word  
Thy mighty power bestow ;  
That all who hear the joyful sound  
Thy saving grace may know. Amen.

*J. Cawood.\**

*Quinquagesima Sunday.*

## 64.

*Vos ante Christi tempora.*

- 1 HOW blest were they who walked in love  
With Christ, while yet He dwelt above,  
First children of Almighty grace,  
First fathers of the faithful race !

- 2 Oh how can words of equal worth,  
The wonders of their faith set forth ;  
Or tell of all the longing sighs  
Their hope uplifted to the skies ?
- 3 Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
They deemed the world an empty show ;  
To purer joys their hearts were given,  
The resting-place they sought was heaven.
- 4 The soul that truly cleaves to God  
Still longs to gain that blest abode :  
Forbid, O Lord, our souls to roam,  
And fix them on our future home.
- 5 To God the Father, God the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Eternal praise be ever given  
By all on earth, and all in Heaven. Amen.

*J. Chandler. (tr. \*)*

### 65.

- 1 LORD of mercy and of might,  
Of mankind the life and light,  
Maker, Teacher infinite,  
Jesus, hear and save !
- 2 Who, when sin's primæval doom  
Gave creation to the tomb,  
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,  
Jesus, hear and save !
- 3 Mighty Monarch, Saviour mild,  
Humbled to a mortal child,  
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,  
Jesus, hear and save !

4 Throned above celestial things,  
Borne aloft on angels' wings,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
Jesus, hear and save !

5 Who shall yet return from high,  
Robed in might and majesty,  
Hear us, help us, when we cry,  
Jesus, hear and save ! Amen.

*Bp. R. Heber.*

## 66.

### *Supreme Motor cordium.*

- 1 GREAT Mover of all hearts, whose Hand  
Doth all the secret springs command  
Of human thought and will,  
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless  
Thy saints with fruits of holiness,  
Their order to fulfil.
- 2 Faith, hope, and love, here weave one chain ;  
But love alone shall then remain,  
When this short day is gone :  
O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,  
When shall we see Thy Sabbath bright,  
With all our labours done ?
- 3 We sow 'mid perils here and tears ;  
There the glad hand the harvest bears,  
Which here in grief hath sown :  
Great God Triune, the increase give ;  
And these Thy gifts, by which we live,  
With heavenly glory crown. Amen.

*I. Williams. (tr.)*

## 67.

*Solemne nos jejunii.*

- 1 ONCE more the solemn season calls  
A holy fast to keep ;  
And now within the temple walls  
Both priest and people weep.
- 2 But vain all outward sign of grief,  
And vain the form of prayer,  
Unless the heart implore relief,  
And penitence be there.
- 3 We smite the breast, we weep in vain,  
In vain in ashes mourn,  
Unless with penitential pain  
The smitten soul be torn.
- 4 In sorrow true then let us pray  
To our offended God,  
From us to turn His wrath away,  
And stay the uplifted rod.
- 5 O God, our Judge and Father, deign  
To spare the bruised reed ;  
We pray for time to turn again,  
For grace to turn indeed.
- 6 Blest Three in One, to Thee we bow,  
Vouchsafe us in Thy love,  
To gather from these fasts below  
Immortal fruit above. Amen.

## 68.

*Audi, benigne Conditor.*

- 1 O MERCIFUL Creator, hear  
Our prayers to Thee devoutly bent,  
Which we pour forth with many a tear  
In this most holy fast of Lent.
- 2 Thou mildest Searcher of each heart,  
Who know'st the weakness of our strength,  
To us forgiving grace impart,  
Since we return to Thee at length.
- 3 Much have we sinnèd, to our shame,  
But spare us, who our sins confess ;  
And, for the glory of Thy Name,  
To our sick souls afford redress.
- 4 Grant that the flesh may be so pined  
By means of outward abstinence,  
As that the sober watchful mind  
May fast from spots of all offence.
- 5 Grant this, O blessèd Trinity !  
Pure Unity ! vouchsafe us this ;  
That the effects of fasts may be  
Increase in fruits of righteousness. Amen.

*Attributed to St. Gregory.  
W. Drummond. (tr. \*)*

## 69.

- 1 O LORD, turn not Thy face from me,  
Who lie in woful state,  
Lamenting all my sinful life  
Before Thy mercy-gate :

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- 2 A gate which opens wide to those  
That do lament their sin :  
Shut not that gate against me, Lord ;  
But let me enter in.
- 3 And call me not to strict account  
How I have sojourned here ;  
For then my guilty conscience knows  
How vile I shall appear.
- 4 The circumstances of my crimes,  
Their number and their kind,  
Thou know'st them all, and more, much more,  
Than I can call to mind.
- 5 Therefore, with tears, I come to beg  
Of my offended God,  
For pardon ; like a child that dreads  
His angry parent's rod.
- 6 So come I to Thy mercy-gate,  
Where mercy doth abound,  
Imploring pardon for my sin,  
To heal my deadly wound.
- 7 O Lord, I need not to repeat  
The comfort I would have :  
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask,  
The blessing I do crave.
- 8 Mercy, good Lord, mercy, I ask,  
This is the total sum ;  
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit ;  
Lord, let Thy mercy come ! Amen.

*Book of Common Prayer.*

## 70.

- 1 FORTY days and forty nights  
Thou wast fasting in the wild ;  
Forty days and forty nights  
Tempted, and yet undefiled.
- 2 Sunbeams scorching all the day ;  
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed ;  
Prowling beasts about Thy way ;  
Stones Thy pillow ; earth Thy bed.
- 3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,  
And from earthly joys abstain.  
Fasting with unceasing prayer,  
Glad with Thee to suffer pain ?
- 4 And if Satan, vexing sore,  
Flesh or spirit should assail,  
Thou, his Vanquisher before,  
Grant we may not faint or fail.
- 5 So shall we have peace divine ;  
Holier gladness ours shall be ;  
Round us, too, shall angels shine,  
Such as ministered to Thee.
- 6 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear;  
Ever constant by Thy side ;  
That with Thee we may appear  
At th' eternal Eastertide. Amen.

## 71.

*Psalm LI.*

- 1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me !  
As Thou wert ever kind,  
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,  
Thy wonted mercy find.
- 2 Wash off my foul offence,  
And cleanse me from my sin ;  
For I confess my crime, and see  
How great my guilt has been.
- 3 Make me to hear with joy  
Thy kind forgiving voice ;  
That so the bones which Thou hast broke  
May with fresh strength rejoice.
- 4 Blot out my crying sins,  
Nor me in anger view ;  
Create in me a heart that's clean,  
An upright mind renew.
- 5 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,  
Nor cast me from Thy sight ;  
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take  
His everlasting flight.
- 6 A broken spirit is  
By God most highly prized ;  
By Him a broken contrite heart  
Shall never be despised.

*New Version.*

## 72.

- 1 **W**ITH trembling awe we come,  
And bow before Thy throne ;  
For all our thoughts and secret sins  
To Thee, great God, are known.
- 2 How dreadful is the might  
Of Thine avenging hand !  
The fiery terrors of Thy wrath  
What mortal can withstand ?
- 3 As guilty Sodom fell  
Beneath Thy righteous doom,  
So flames of everlasting woe  
Shall all thy foes consume.
- 4 Lord, hear our earnest cry,  
And while we live to pray,  
O give us grace to love Thy law,  
And strength to keep Thy way. Amen.

*Second Sunday in Lent.*

## 73.

- 1 **O**H help us Lord ! each hour of need  
Thy heavenly succour give ;  
Help us in thought and word and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 Oh help us when our spirits bleed  
With contrite anguish sore,  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
Oh help us, Lord, the more.

- 3 Oh help us, through the prayer of faith  
More firmly to believe ;  
For still the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.
- 4 Oh help us Jesus ! from on high,  
We know no help but Thee ;  
Oh ! help us so to live and die  
As Thine in Heaven to be. Amen.

*H. H. Milman.*

### 74.

- 1 CHRISTIAN ! dost thou *see* them  
On the holy ground,  
How the troops of Midian  
Compass thee around ?  
Christian ! up and smite them,  
Counting gain but loss :  
Smite them by the merit  
Of the Holy Cross !
- 2 Christian ! dost thou *feel* them,  
How they work within,  
Striving, tempting, luring,  
Goading into sin ?  
Christian ! never tremble !  
Never be down-cast !  
Still thy trust in Jesus  
Ever hold thou fast !
- 3 Christian ! dost thou *hear* them,  
How they speak thee fair ?  
Always fast and vigil !  
Always watch and prayer !

Christian ! answer boldly,  
“ While I breathe I pray : ”  
Peace shall follow battle,  
Night shall end in day. Amen.

*St. Andrew of Crete. J. M. Neale. (tr.)*

### 75.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our broken spirits pitying see ;  
And penitence impart ;  
Then let a kindling ray from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign ;  
And not a thought our bosom share,  
That is not wholly Thine.
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies ;  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,  
That grants it, or denies. Amen.

*J. D. Carlyle.*

*Third Sunday in Lent.*

### 76.

- 1 **J**ESU, Lord, we kneel before Thee,  
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear ;  
While our waiting souls adore Thee,  
Friend of helpless sinners, hear :  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

- 2 Taught by Thine unerring Spirit,  
Boldly we draw nigh to God,  
Only in Thy spotless merit,  
Only through Thy precious blood :  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.
  
- 3 From the depths of nature's blindness,  
From the hardening power of sin,  
From all malice and unkindness,  
From the pride that lurks within,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.
  
- 4 When temptation sorely presses,  
In the day of Satan's power,  
In our times of deep distresses,  
In each dark and trying hour,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.
  
- 5 In the solemn hour of dying,  
In the awful Judgment-day,  
May our souls, on Thee relying,  
Find Thee still our hope and stay :  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.
  
- 6 Jesu, may Thy promised blessing  
Comfort to our souls afford ;  
May we, now Thy love possessing,  
And at length our full reward,  
Ever praise Thee,  
Thee, our ever-glorious Lord. Amen.

## 77.

- 1 O CHRIST, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,  
The weary sinner's friend !  
Come to my help ; pronounce the word,  
And bid corruption end.  
Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,  
Victorious Thou canst prove,  
For everlasting strength is Thine,  
And everlasting love.
- 2 Thy powerful Spirit can subdue  
Unconquerable sin,  
Cleanse my foul heart, and make it new,  
And write Thy law within.  
Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,  
Yet let me hear Thy call,  
My soul in confidence shall rise,  
Shall rise and rend them all.
- 3 Speak, and the deaf shall hear Thy voice,  
The blind his sight receive,  
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,  
The heart of stone believe ;  
The Ethiop then shall change his skin,  
The dead to life awake ;  
The loathsome leper shall be clean,  
And I my sins forsake.

## 78.

- 1 LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,  
And plead to be forgiven,  
So let Thy life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear,  
Like Thee to do our Father's will,  
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine,  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,  
We in our turn would meekly cry,  
Father, Thy will be done.
- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow Thee to heaven. Amen.

*J. H. Gurney.**Fourth Sunday in Lent.*

## 79.

- 1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere it pass for aye away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

- 2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere that awful doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at the door,  
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,
- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.
- 6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,  
Lest we lose this day of grace  
Ere we shall behold Thy face. Amen.

*I. Williams.*

## 80.

MOURNING o'er our great transgressions,  
Lord, behold Thy people pray ;  
Listening to their deep confessions,  
Take our numerous sins away.  
Vast their sum, all sum exceeding,  
Yet o'er all shall mercy rise,  
Mercy from the throne proceeding,  
Mercy loftier than the skies.

- 2 Blest are they, how blest in glory,  
     Objects of Thy boundless love,  
     Who around Thy throne adore Thee,  
         Dwelling in Thy courts above.  
     Humbly we at distance bending  
         Worship in Thy courts below ;  
     Yet e'en here Thy love descending  
         Bids our joy to transport grow.

## 81.

- 1 COME, ye souls, by sin afflicted,  
     Bowed with fruitless sorrow down ;  
     By the broken law convicted,  
         By the tempter's snares undone ;  
             Look to Jesus ;  
     Mercy flows through Him alone.
- 2 Take His easy yoke and wear it ;  
     Love will make obedience sweet ;  
     Christ will give you strength to bear it,  
         While His wisdom guides your feet  
             Safe to glory,  
     Where His ransom'd captives meet.
- 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,  
     Light to newly opened eyes,  
     Flowing springs in deserts dreary,  
         Is the rest the Cross supplies.  
             All who taste it,  
     Shall to joys immortal rise.

## 82

*Vexilla Regis prodeunt.*

- 1 THE royal banner is unfurled,  
And lo ! the Cross is reared on high,  
On which the Saviour of the world.  
Is stretched in cruel agony.
- 2 Pierced by the spear, He yielded forth  
Water and Blood, a mingled tide,  
That so a fount of priceless worth  
Might flow for sinners from His side.
- 3 Then were the wonders plainly shown,  
Which saints of old rejoiced to sing,  
How of the Tree He made a Throne,  
Whereon He reigned a gracious King.
- 4 Lord, in Thy Cross may we discern  
Our only hope, our path to heaven :  
And oh ! to Thee may sinners turn  
With longing eyes to be forgiven.
- 5 O God, the Blessed Three in One,  
From every soul all glory be :  
And grant in us there may be won,  
Through Thee, the Cross's victory. Amen.  
*Fortunatus.*

## 83.

*Lugete, pacet angelis.*

- 1 WEEP, holy Angels, lo ! your God  
Man's sinful likeness wears ;  
Upon the bitter Cross of shame  
Our sin the Saviour bears.
- 2 O Christ, with wondering minds we see  
This mighty love of Thine ;  
Did God consent to suffer thus,  
Shall man at pain repine ?
- 3 No, Saviour, no ! Thy blessed Cross  
Death's power hath overcome ;  
To save us not from earthly woe,  
But from the eternal doom.
- 4 The flesh may shrink, but we submit,  
Whate'er our cross may be,  
So Thou by grace enable us  
To bear it after Thee.
- 5 Thy stripes have healed us, and Thy Blood  
Our guilty stains effaced ;  
Then may Thy Name by sin of ours  
Be never more disgraced.
- 6 By Thy sweet Passion, to our souls  
Fresh grace and hope afford ;  
That so hereafter we may gain  
Thy measureless reward.

- 7 Praise God, who gave His only Son  
To be for sinners slain,  
And Holy Spirit by whose Breath  
Our souls are raised again. Amen.

*J. Chandler. (tr.)*

## 84.

- 1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,  
Of Him who died upon the Cross ;  
The sinner's hope let men deride,  
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see,  
In shining letters, "God is Love;"  
He bears our sins upon the tree,  
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The Cross ! it takes our guilt away ;  
It holds the fainting spirit up ;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day  
And sweetens every bitter cup ;
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light :
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angels' theme in heaven above.

*T. Kelly.*

## 85.

- 1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee !  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power
  
- 2 Not the labours of my hands,  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands :  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
  
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !
  
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyestrings break in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne ;  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee ! Amen.

*A. M. Toplady.*

## 86.

*Gloria, laus, et honor.*

- 1 NOW glory, praise, and honour be  
To Christ our Heavenly King ;  
Who taught young children's loving lips  
His Royal Name to sing.
- 2 "Hosanna ! to great David's Son ;"  
Their tender voices cry :  
"Hosanna ! in the worthiest strains  
Which angels chant on high :
- 3 "For ever blessed be our King,  
Who cometh in God's Name,  
In meek and lowly human guise,  
To bear our sin and shame."
- 4 With fresh-cut palms, and garments spread,  
They strew the Conqueror's way :  
But we with holy vows and prayers  
Observe the festal day.
- 5 They bless the Saviour's dying love,  
We hail His risen power :  
But each, O Lord, is owned of Thee  
In mercy's gracious hour.
- 6 And Thou wilt clothe us all alike  
In robes of spotless white ;  
And we shall bear the Victor's palm  
Before Thy throne of light.

- 7 Then glory, praise, and honour be  
     To Christ, our Saviour King :  
     Let Jew and Gentile, young and old,  
     Their grateful tribute bring. Amen.  
     *St. Theodulph. W. E. Green. (tr.)*

## 87.

- 1 RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !  
     Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;  
     O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,  
     With palms and scattered garments strowed.
- 2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
     In lowly pomp, ride on to die :  
     O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
     O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
     The angel armies of the sky  
     Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
     To see the approaching Sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
     The last and fiercest strife is nigh :  
     The Father on His sapphire throne  
     Expects His own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
     In lowly pomp, ride on to die :  
     Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,  
     Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Amen.  
*H. H. Milman.*

## 88.

*Prone vocem, mens, canoram.*

- 1 NOW, my soul, thy voice upraising,  
Sing aloud in mournful strain  
Of the sorrows most amazing,  
And the agonizing pain,  
Which our Saviour,  
Sinless bore, for sinners slain.
- 2 He the ruthless scourge enduring,  
Ransom for our sins to pay,  
Sinners by His own stripes curing,  
Raising those who wounded lay,  
Bore our sorrows,  
And removed our pains away.
- 3 He to liberty restored us  
By the very bonds he bare,  
And His nail-pierced limbs afford us  
Each a stream of mercy rare ;  
Us they fasten  
To the cross, and keep us there.
- 4 When His painful life was ended,  
Then the spear transfix'd His side,  
Blood and water thence descended,  
Pouring forth a double tide :  
This to cleanse us,  
That to heal us, is applied.

- 5 Jesu, may Thy promised blessing  
     Comfort to our souls afford,  
     May we, now Thy love possessing,  
         And at length our full reward,  
             Ever praise Thee,  
     As our ever-glorious Lord. Amen.

*J. Chandler. (tr.)*

## 89.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross  
     On which the Prince of glory died,  
     My richest gain I count but loss,  
         And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
     Save in the death of Christ, my God ;  
     All the vain things that charm me most  
         I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet  
     Sorrow and love flow mingled down !  
     Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
         Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
     That were an offering far too small ;  
     Love so amazing, so divine,  
         Demands my life, my soul, my all.

*J. Watts.\**

## 90.

- 1 O THOU, who, through this holy week,  
Didst suffer for us all,  
The sick to heal, the lost to seek,  
To raise up them that fall;
- 2 We cannot tell the bitter woe  
Thy love was pleased to bear ;  
O Lamb of God, we only know  
That all our hopes are there.
- 3 Thy feet the paths of suffering trod,  
Thy hands the victory won ;  
What shall we render to our God  
For all that He hath done ?
- 4 O grant us, Lord, with Thee to die,  
With Thee to rise anew ;  
Grant us the things of earth to fly,  
The things of heaven pursue. Amen.

*J. M. Neale.\**

## 91.

*Venit e cælo Mediator alto.*

- 1 SION'S Daughter, weep no more,  
Though thy troubled heart be sore ;  
He of whom the Psalmist sung,  
He who woke the Prophet's tongue,  
Christ, the Mediator blest,  
Brings thee everlasting rest.
- 2 In a garden man became  
Heir of sin and death and shame ;

Jesus in a garden wins  
 Life, and pardon for our sins ;  
 Through His hour of agony  
 Praying in Gethsemane.

- 3 There for us He intercedes ;  
 There with God the Father pleads ;  
 Willing there for us to drain  
 To the dregs the cup of pain,  
 That in everlasting Day  
 He may wipe our tears away.
- 4 Therefore to His Name be given  
 Glory both in earth and heaven ;  
 To the Father, and the Son,  
 And the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Honour, praise, and glory be,  
 Now and through eternity. Amen.

*Tuesday before Easter.*

## 92.

- 1 LORD Jesu, when we stand afar  
 And gaze upon Thy Holy Cross,  
 In love of Thee and scorn of self,  
 Oh, may we count the world as loss !
- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,  
 And the rough way that Thou hast trod,  
 Make us to hate the load of sin  
 That lay so heavy on our God.

- 3 Oh holy Lord ! uplifted high  
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,  
Embracing in Thy wondrous love  
The sinful world that lies below,
- 4 Give us an ever living faith  
To gaze beyond the things we see ;  
And in the mystery of Thy Death  
Draw us and all men unto Thee. Amen.

*W. W. How.*

### 93.

- 1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the Tempter's power,  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with Him that bitter hour ;  
Turn not from His griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,  
See the Lord of life arraign'd ;  
See the wormwood and the gall ;  
See the pangs that He sustain'd ;  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Follow Him to Calvary's hill,  
There, adoring at His feet,  
See Him do the Father's will,  
See the Sacrifice complete ;  
“It is finished !” hear Him cry ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die. Amen.

*J. Montgomery.*

## 94.

- 1 **T**HIS day, remote from earth's rude noise,  
The Saviour dwelt in still retreat,  
And knew, perchance, earth's latest joys,  
Communion with His Father sweet.
- 2 Yet weighed upon that Righteous Soul  
The burden of the approaching Woe ;  
He heard the nearer thunders roll,  
And trembled at the awful blow.
- 3 “Father ! O save me from this hour ;  
Yet for this hour to earth I came :”  
Thus Love must vanquish terror’s power,  
And spotless Virtue stoop to shame.
- 4 ’Twas not the stripes, the Crown of thorn,  
The bitter Cross, that might appal ;  
The weight of sin for mortals borne,  
That hid the Father’s Face, was all.
- 5 O Lord of Grief, this livelong day  
Let us, too, seek to dwell apart,  
And, wheresoe’er our footsteps stray,  
Adore Thee in our inmost heart. Amen.

*A. Gurney.*

## 95.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, when in dust to Thee  
Low we bend the adoring knee ;  
When repentant to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;

Oh ! by all the pains and woe  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn Litany !

- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of want and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness ;  
By the dread mysterious hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power ;  
Turn, oh ! turn a favouring eye,  
Hear our solemn Litany !
- 3 By Thine hour of dire despair ;  
By Thine agony of prayer ;  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice ;  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn Litany !
- 4 By Thy deep expiring groan ;  
By the sad sepulchral stone ;  
By the vault, whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God ;  
Oh ! from earth to heaven restored.  
Mighty re-ascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn Litany ! Amen.

*Sir R. Grant.*

## 96.

*Pange lingua gloriosi.*

- 1 NOW, my tongue, the mystery telling,  
    Of the glorious Body sing,  
And the Blood, all price excelling,  
    Which the Gentiles' Lord and King,  
In a virgin's womb once dwelling,  
    Shed for this world's ransoming,
  
- 2 Given for us, and condescending  
    To be born for us below,  
He with men in converse blending  
    Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,  
Till He closed with wondrous ending  
    His most patient life of woe.
  
- 3 That last night at supper lying,  
    'Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,  
Jesus, with the Law complying,  
    Keeps the feast its rites demand ;  
Then, more precious Food supplying,  
    Gives Himself with His own Hand.
  
- 4 Word-made-Flesh the Bread He breaketh,  
    Maketh it His Body be ;  
Wine, His Blood ; which whoso taketh  
    Must from carnal thoughts be free ;  
Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,  
    Shows true hearts the mystery.
  
- 5 Therefore we before Him bending,  
    This great Sacrament revere :

Types and shadows have their ending,  
For the newer rite is here ;  
Faith, the outward sense befriending,  
Makes the inward vision clear.

- 6 Glory let us give, and blessing,  
To the Father and the Son,  
Honour, might, and praise addressing,  
While eternal ages run ;  
Ever too His love confessing  
Who, from Both, with Both is One. Amen.  
*St. T. Aquinas. J. M. Neale. (tr.\*)*

## 97.

- 1 O THE mystery, passing wonder  
When, reclining at the board,  
“ Eat,” Thou said’st to Thy Disciples,  
“ That True Bread with quickening stored :  
Drink in faith the healing Chalice  
From a dying God outpoured.”
- 2 Christ is now our mighty Pascha,  
Eaten for our mystic Bread ;  
As a Lamb led out to slaughter,  
And for this world offerèd :  
Take we of His broken Body,  
Drink we of the Blood He shed.
- 3 Christ to all the world gives banquet  
On that most celestial Meat :  
Him, albeit with lips all earthly,  
Yet with holy hearts we greet :  
Him, the sacrificial Pascha,  
Priest and Victim all complete.

- 4 Glory let us give, and blessing,  
     To the Father and the Son,  
     Honour, might, and praise addressing,  
     While eternal ages run ;  
     Ever, too, His Love confessing,  
     Who, from Both, with Both is One. Amen.  
*St. Andrew of Crete. J. M. Neale. (tr.)*

*Good Friday.*

98.

*Lustra sex qui jam peregit.*

- 1 SEE the destined day arise !  
     See, a willing Sacrifice,  
     To redeem our fatal loss,  
     Jesus hangs upon the Cross !
- 2 Jesus, who but Thou had borne,  
     Lifted on that tree of scorn,  
     Every pang and bitter throe,  
     Finishing Thy life of woe ?
- 3 Who but Thou had dared to drain  
     Steeped in gall the cup of pain ;  
     And with tender body bear  
     Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear ?
- 4 Thence poured forth the Water flowed,  
     Mingled from Thy Side with Blood ;  
     Sign to all attesting eyes  
     Of the finished Sacrifice.

- 5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace  
In that Sacrifice to place  
All our trust for life renewed,  
Pardoned sin, and promised good. Amen.

*Bp. R. Mant. (tr.)*

## 99.

- 1 O COME and mourn with me awhile,  
And tarry here the Cross beside ;  
O come together let us mourn ;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?  
Ah ! look how patiently He hangs ;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !
- 3 How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed ;  
His blessed Tongue with thirst is tied ;  
His failing Eyes are blind with blood ;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !
- 4 Seven times He spake, seven words of love,  
And all three hours His silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men :  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !
- 5 Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,  
And let the Blood from out that Side  
Fall gently on thee drop by drop :  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !

- 6 A broken heart, a fount of tears,  
     Ask, and they will not be denied ;  
     A broken heart love's cradle is :  
         Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !
- 7 O Love of God ! O sin of man !  
     In this dread act your strength is tried ;  
     And victory remains with love ;  
         For He, our Love, is crucified.

*F. W. Faber.\**

100.

*Sævo dolorum turbine.*

- 1   O'ERWHELMED in depths of woe  
     Upon the Tree of scorn,  
     Hangs the Redeemer of mankind  
         With racking anguish torn.
- 2   See how the nails those hands  
     And feet so tender rend ;  
     See down His face, and neck, and breast  
         His sacred Blood descend.
- 3   Oh, hear that awful cry  
     Which pierced His mother's heart,  
     As into God the Father's hands  
         He bade His soul depart.
- 4   Earth hears, and trembling quakes  
     Around that tree of pain ;  
     The rocks are rent ; the graves are burst ;  
         The veil is rent in twain.

- 5     The sun withdraws his light ;  
      The midday heavens grow pale ;  
The moon, the stars, the universe  
      Their Maker's death bewail.
- 6     Shall man alone be mute ?  
      Have we no griefs, or fears ?  
Come, old and young, come, all mankind,  
      And bathe those feet in tears.
- 7     Come, fall before His Cross,  
      Who shed for us His blood ;  
Who died, the Victim of pure love,  
      To make us sons of God.
- 8     Jesu, all praise to Thee,  
      Our joy and endless rest ;  
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,  
      Our crown amid the blest. Amen.

*E. Caswall. (tr.)*

### I O I.

- 1     BEHOLD the Lamb of God !  
      Behold, believe, and live ;  
Behold His all-atoning Blood,  
      And life receive.
- 2     Look from Thyself to Him,  
      Behold Him on the Tree ;  
What though the eye of faith be dim ?  
      He looks on thee.

- 3 That meek, that languid eye,  
    Turns from Himself away ;  
Invites the trembling sinner nigh,  
    And bids him stay.
  
- 4 Stay with Him near the Tree,  
    Stay with Him near the Tomb ;  
Stay till the risen Lord you see,  
    Stay "till He come."

*Easter Eve.*

## 102.

- 1 RESTING from His work to-day  
In the tomb the Saviour lay ;  
Still He slept, from Head to Feet  
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,  
Lying in the rock alone,  
Hidden by the sealed stone.
  
- 2 Late at even there was seen  
Watching long the Magdalene ;  
Early, ere the break of day,  
Sorrowful she took her way  
To the holy garden glade,  
Where her buried Lord was laid.
  
- 3 So with Thee, till life shall end,  
I would solemn vigil spend ;  
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine  
In this rocky heart of mine ;  
Where, in pure embalmèd cell,  
None but Thou may ever dwell.

- 4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,  
True affection's offering ;  
Close the door from sight and sound  
Of the busy world around ;  
And in patient watch remain,  
Till my Lord appear again.

*T. Whytehead.*

103.

- 1        **T**HOU, sore oppress'd,  
The Sabbath rest  
In yon still grave art keeping !  
All Thy labour now is done,  
Past is all Thy weeping !
- 2        The strife is o'er,  
Nought hurts Thee more,  
The heart at last hath slumber'd,  
That in conflict sore for us  
Bore our sins unnumber'd.
- 3        Thou awful tomb,  
Once filled with gloom !  
How blessed and how holy  
Art thou now, since in the grave  
Slept the Saviour lowly !
- 4        How calm and blest  
The dead now rest  
Who in the Lord departed !  
All their works do follow them,  
Yea, they sleep glad-hearted.

H

5           O lead us Thou,  
           To rest e'en now,  
         With all who, sorely anguish'd  
         'Neath the burden of their sins,  
         Long in woe have languish'd.

6           O Blessed Rock !  
           Soon grant Thy flock  
         To see Thy Sabbath morning,  
         Strife and pain will all be past  
         When that day is dawning. Amen.

*V. Strauss. C. Winkworth. (tr.)*

#### 104.

- 1 IN the tomb behold He lies  
     Who the dead awaketh :  
     Christ, our stricken Sacrifice,  
     Of sweet rest partaketh.  
     Fear we then no more the gloom  
     Of Death's narrow dwelling ;  
     Jesus died ! the wondering tomb  
     Of His praise is telling.
- 2 Vainly shall His foes rejoice ;  
     Vainly Death detain Him :  
     Lazarus heard His wakening voice ;  
     What shall then restrain Him ?  
     What shall bind His conquering arm,  
     Who the mountains rendeth,  
     And that He may death disarm,  
     To the tomb descendeth ?

*A. T. Russell.*

## 105.

- 1 ALL is o'er ; the pain, the sorrow,  
Human taunts, and fiendish spite ;  
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow  
Of the prey he grasps to-night ;  
Yet once more to seal His doom,  
Christ must sleep within the tomb.
- 2 Close and still the cell that holds Him,  
While in brief repose He lies ;  
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,  
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes :  
Slumber such as needs must be  
After hard-won victory.
- 3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish  
Which on yonder Cross He bore ;  
How did Soul and Body languish,  
Till the toil of death was o'er !  
But that toil, so fierce and dread,  
Bruised and crushed the Serpent's head.
- 4 All night long, with plaintive voicing,  
Chant His requiem soft and low ;  
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing  
From to-morrow's harps shall flow :  
“ Death and hell at length are slain,  
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign.”

Amen.

*J. Moultrie.*

## 106.

- 1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day,  
 Our triumphant holy day,  
 Who did once upon the cross,  
 Suffer to redeem our loss.

Hallelujah !

- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing  
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
 Who endured the cross and grave,  
 Sinners to redeem and save.

Hallelujah !

- 3 But the pain which He endured  
 Our salvation hath procured ;  
 Now above the sky He's King,  
 Where the angels ever sing.

Hallelujah !  
*Book of Common Prayer.*

## 107.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,  
 Sons of men and angels say :  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
 Fought the fight, the battle won :  
 Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;  
 Lo ! He sets in blood no more.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell !  
Death in vain forbids His rise ;  
Christ hath opened Paradise !
  - 4 Lives again our glorious King :  
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?  
Once He died, our souls to save :  
Where thy victory, O Grave ?
  - 5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven,  
Praise to Thee by both be given !  
Thee we greet triumphant now !  
Hail, the Resurrection Thou !

C. Wesley.

108.

*Finita iam sunt prælia.*

# HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!

109.

*Ad regias Agni dapes.*

- 1 AT the Lamb's high feast we sing  
Praise to our victorious King,  
Who hath washed us in the tide  
Flowing from His piercèd side ;  
Praise we Him, whose love divine  
Gives His guests His Blood for wine,  
Gives His Body for the feast ;  
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.
  - 2 Where the Paschal Blood is poured,  
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;  
Israel's hosts triumphant go  
Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
Praise we Christ, Whose Blood was shed,  
· Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;  
With sincerity and love  
Eat the Manna from above.

- 3 Risen now no more to die,  
   Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie ;  
   Thou hast conquered in the fight,  
   Thou hast brought us life and light :  
   Now no more can death appal,  
   Now no more the grave enthral ;  
   Thou hast opened Paradise,  
   And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.
- 4 Easter triumph, Easter joy—  
   Sin alone can this destroy ;  
   From sin's power do Thou set free  
   Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.  
   Hymns of glory and of praise,  
   Father, unto Thee we raise ;  
   Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,  
   With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

## 110.

- 1 'T IS the Day of Resurrection !  
   Earth ! tell it out abroad !  
   The Passover of Gladness !  
   The Passover of God !  
   From death to life eternal,  
   From earth unto the sky,  
   Our Christ hath brought us over,  
   With hymns of victory.
- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
   That we may see aright  
   The Lord in rays eternal  
   Of Resurrection-Light :

And, listening to His accents,  
 May hear, so calm and plain,  
 His own—*All Hail!*—and hearing,  
 May raise the victor strain !

- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful !  
 Let earth her song begin !  
 Let the round world keep triumph,  
 And all that is therein :  
 Invisible and visible,  
 Their notes let all things blend ;  
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,—  
 Our Joy that hath no end. Amen.

*St. John Damascene. J. M. Neale. (tr.)*

*Easter Monday.*

III.

- 1 **H**E is risen, He is risen !  
 Tell it with a joyful voice ;  
 He hath burst His three days' prison ;  
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice :  
 Death is conquered, man is free,  
 Christ hath won the victory.
- 2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,  
 With glad smile and radiant brow :  
 Lent's long shadows have departed,  
 All His woes are over now,  
 And the passion that He bore :  
 Sin and pain can vex no more.
- 3 Come, with high and holy gladness,  
 Chant our Lord's triumphal lay ;

Not one touch of twilight sadness  
Dims yon glorious morning ray,  
Breaking o'er the purple east ;  
Brighter far our Easter feast.

- 4 He is risen, He is risen !  
He hath ope'd the eternal gate :  
We are free from sin's dark prison,  
Risen to a holier state ;  
Soon a brighter Easter beam  
On our longing eyes shall stream.
- 5 Three in One, let all adore Thee,  
Saints on earth and saints in heaven ;  
Every creature bow before Thee,  
Who hast all their being given ;  
Who by grace dost us restore,  
Praise to Thee for evermore. Amen.

*Easter Tuesday.*

## I I 2.

- 1 COME see the place where Jesus lay ;  
Believe, and cast thy fears away :  
For thee He lives, for thee He died,  
Lives thee to bless—lives thee to guide.  
Hallelujah !
- 2 O tell to Him thy every grief ;  
He lives to yield thy soul relief ;  
To close in death thy wearied eyes,  
And lift thy spirit to the skies.  
Hallelujah !

- 3 O come, let us together sing,  
The triumph of our heavenly King :  
The Lord is risen to die no more ;  
O earth, O heaven ! your God adore.

## Hallelujah !

### *First Sunday after Easter.*

113.

- 6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, to-day Thy people feed ;  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
That we all may sing for aye,—

Hallelujah !

*R. Brethren. C. Winkworth. (tr.)*

## II4.

- 1 JESUS lives ! no longer now  
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;  
Jesus lives ! and this we know  
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.

Hallelujah !

- 2 Jesus lives ! henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal ;  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.

Hallelujah !

- 3 Jesus lives ! for us He died ;  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.

Hallelujah !

- 4 Jesus lives ! our hearts know well  
Nought from us His love shall sever ;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever.

Hallelujah !

- 5 Jesus lives ! to Him the Throne  
Far above all power is given ;  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
Hallelujah !

6 Praise the Father, praise the Son,  
Who to us new life hath given :  
Praise the Spirit—Three in One—  
All in earth, and all in heaven.  
Hallelujah !

115.

- i COME, and let us drink of that New River,  
Not from barren rock divinely poured,  
But the Fount of Life that is for ever  
From the sepulchre of Christ the Lord.

2 All the world hath bright illumination,—  
Heaven, and earth, and things beneath the  
earth :  
'Tis the festival of all creation :  
Christ hath risen, who gave creation birth.

3 Yesterday with Thee in burial lying,  
Now to-day with Thee arisen I rise ;  
Yesterday the partner of Thy dying,  
With Thyself upraise me to the skies.  
Amen.

## 116.

- 1 JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Thy little flock in safety keep,  
The flock for which Thou cam'st from Heaven,  
The flock for which Thy life was given.
- 2 Thou saw'st them wandering far from Thee  
Secure, as if from danger free ;  
Thy love did all their wanderings trace,  
And brought them to a wealthy place.
- 3 O guard Thy sheep from beasts of prey,  
And guide them that they never stray ;  
Cherish the young, sustain the old,  
Let none be feeble in Thy fold !
- 4 Secure them from the scorching beam,  
And lead them to the living stream ;  
In verdant pastures let them lie,  
And watch them with a Shepherd's eye !
- 5 O may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,  
And in its sacred sound rejoice ;  
From strangers may they ever flee,  
And know no other guide but Thee !
- 6 Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,  
And let the number be complete :  
Then let Thy flock from earth remove,  
And occupy the fold above. Amen.

*T. Kelly.*

## 117.

- 1 SAVIOUR, we would be Thy sheep,  
Know Thy voice and follow Thee ;  
Deign our wandering souls to keep,  
Then alone we safe can be.
- 2 Put us forth, that we may feed  
In the pastures of Thy grace,  
By refreshing waters, lead  
To some sweet and sacred place.
- 3 Saviour, we would follow Thee  
Wheresoever Thou wilt call ;  
Whether dark or bright it be,  
Whatsoever may befall.
- 4 Through earth's bleak and rugged ways,  
May we ever hear Thy voice ;  
Then in danger we shall praise,  
And in sorrow shall rejoice.
- 5 Never, Lord, from us depart ;  
Still defend us, keep, and guide,  
Till we reach where now Thou art,  
There for ever to abide. Amen.

## 118.

- 1 LORD, be Thou our strength in weakness ;  
Thou art ever strong to save,  
Conqueror o'er the Cross and grave :  
Grant us to endure with meekness.

Lord to us Thy patience give :  
With Thy strength our spirits staying,  
With Thy love our griefs allaying,  
Lord, in death behold we live.

- 2 Faith of Thee her sufferings taketh  
As the tokens of Thy grace,  
Faith in all Thy hand doth trace,  
Nor in darkness Thee forsaketh.  
Lord, with faith our spirits bless,  
Faith, Thy love in all confessing,  
Faith, Thy perfect peace possessing,  
Faith, our light in all distress.
- 3 Lord, to Thee we yield our spirits ;  
O prepare them as Thou wilt,  
Only save from shame and guilt,  
Cleansing us by Thy dear merits.  
Short we know is all our pain,  
But the crown for aye endureth  
Which Thy Cross for us procureth :  
Lord, through Thee, to die is gain.

- 1 SON of Man, to Thee we cry ;  
By the wondrous mystery  
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,  
By Thy pure and holy birth,—  
Lord, Thy presence let us see,  
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

- 2 Lamb of God, to Thee we cry ;  
 By Thy bitter agony,  
 By Thy pangs, to us unknown,  
 By Thy Spirit's parting groan,—  
 Lord, Thy Presence let us see,  
 Thou our Light and Saviour be !
- 3 Prince of Life, to Thee we cry ;  
 By Thy glorious majesty,  
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
 By Thy power to help and save,—  
 Lord, Thy Presence let us see,  
 Thou our Light and Saviour be !
- 4 Lord of Glory, God most high,  
 Man exalted to the sky ;  
 With Thy love our bosom fill :  
 Help us to perform Thy will ;  
 Then Thy glory we shall see,  
 Thou wilt bring us home to Thee. Amen.  
*Bp. R. Mant.\**

## 120.

- 1 JESUS, Thy love unbounded,  
 So full, so sweet, so free,  
 Leaves all our thoughts confounded,  
 Whene'er we think of Thee.  
 For us Thou cam'st from heaven,  
 For us didst bleed and die,  
 That, ransomed and forgiven,  
 We might ascend on high.

- 2 We know that Thou hast bought us,  
And washed us in Thy blood ;  
We know Thy grace has brought us,  
As kings and priests to God.  
We know that soon the morning,  
Long looked for hasteth near,  
When we, at Thy returning  
In glory shall appear.
- 3 O let Thy love constrain us  
To give our hearts to Thee ;  
Let nothing please or pain us  
Apart, O Lord, from Thee.  
Our joy, our one endeavour,  
Through suffering, conflict, shame,  
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,  
And magnify Thy name. Amen.

## 121.

- 1 WE sing His love, who once was slain,  
Who soon o'er death revived again,  
That all His saints through Him might have  
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.  
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we  
Shall rise to immortality.
- 2 The saints who now with Jesus sleep,  
His own Almighty power shall keep,  
Till dawns the bright illustrious day  
When death itself shall die away :  
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we  
Shall rise to immortality.

- 3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,  
 When Christ His risen saints shall bring  
 From beds of dust, and silent clay,  
 To realms of everlasting day !  
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we  
 Shall rise to immortality.
- 4 When Jesus we in glory meet,  
 Our utmost joys shall be complete ;  
 When landed on that heavenly shore,  
 Death and the curse will be no more :  
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we  
 Shall rise to immortality.
- 5 Haste, dear Lord, the glorious day,  
 And this delightful scene display,  
 When all Thy saints from death shall rise  
 Raptured in bliss beyond the skies !  
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we  
 Shall rise to immortality. Amen.

*R. Hill.*

*Fourth Sunday after Easter.*

I 22.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest  
 Till Thou art formed within ;  
 Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast,  
 And crushed the power of sin.
- 2 O may we gaze upon Thy cross,  
 Until the wondrous sight  
 Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,  
 And earthly sorrows light.

- 3 Until, released from carnal ties,  
Our spirit upward springs,  
And sees true peace above the skies,  
True joy in heavenly things.
- 4 There as we gaze, may we become  
United, Lord, to Thee ;  
And in a fairer, happier home,  
Thy perfect beauty see. Amen.

*W. H. Bathurst.*

### I 23.

- 1 O GOD, Thy grace and blessing give  
To us, who on Thy Name attend,  
That we this mortal life may live  
Regardful of our journey's end.
- 2 Teach us to know that Jesus died,  
And rose again, our souls to save ;  
Teach us to take Him as our Guide,  
Our Help from childhood to the grave.
- 3 Then shall not death with terror come,  
But welcome as a bidden guest,  
The herald of a better home,  
The messenger of peace and rest.
- 4 And, when the awful signs appear  
Of Judgment, and the Throne above,  
Our hearts still fixed, we shall not fear ;  
God is our trust ; and God is Love.

## I 24.

- 1 MIGHTY Saviour, gracious King,  
     Now Thy waiting people bless ;  
     Thou that dost deliverance bring,  
         Come to reign in righteousness :  
     Thou dost heavenly light impart ;  
         Tune the ear to Zion's song ;  
     Teach and guide the wayward heart ;  
         Loose and prompt the stammering tongue.
- 2 Pour Thy Spirit from on high ;  
     Come, Thy mourning Church to bless ;  
     Streams of life and joy supply ;  
         Fill the world with righteousness :  
     Light shall then possess Thine own,  
         Holy quiet, perfect peace ;  
     And where heavenly seed is sown,  
         Thou wilt give the blest increase. Amen.

*Fifth Sunday after Easter.*

## I 25.

- 1 HOLY Jesus, in whose Name  
     Thou hast bid Thy servants claim  
     Of the Father's love, to grant  
         All the good they wish or want ;  
     Trusting in Thy Name alone,  
         Draw we near Thy Father's throne.
- 2 Holy Jesus, at whose Name,  
     Through this universal frame,

By th' Almighty Sire's decree  
All its dwellers bow the knee :  
To Thy Father's Name we join  
In co-equal worship Thine.

- 3 Son of Man, to whom is given,  
With the Majesty of Heaven,  
Partner Thou of man's estate,  
For mankind to mediate :  
Hear us, when to Thee we plead  
For Thy flock to intercede.
- 4 Son of God, to whom of right,  
Partner of Thy Father's might,  
Sole, adorable, and true,  
Empire o'er the world is due :  
Hear us, when on Thee we call  
For Thy blessing, Lord of all !
- 5 Saviour of the world, to Thee  
Ever bows the Church her knee ;  
Thee, her only Advocate,  
Thee, exalted to Thy state,  
With the Holy Ghost Most High  
In the Father's Majesty. Amen.

*Bp. R. Mant.*

## 126.

- 1 HAIL, Thou once-despisèd Jesus !  
Hail, Thou Galilean King !  
Thou didst suffer to release us ;  
Thou didst free salvation bring ;

Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,  
 Bearer of our sin and shame !  
 By Thy merits we find favour ;  
 Life is given through Thy Name.

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
   All our sins were on Thee laid ;  
 By Almighty Love anointed,  
   Thou hast full atonement made :  
 All Thy people are forgiven  
   Through the virtue of Thy blood ;  
 Opened is the gate of heaven ;  
   Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,  
   There for ever to abide ;  
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
   Seated at Thy Father's side.  
 There for sinners Thou art pleading ;  
   There Thou dost our place prepare,  
 Ever for us interceding,  
   Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
   Thou art worthy to receive ;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
   Meet it is for us to give :  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits ;  
   Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
   Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

*J. Bakewell.*

127.

*Veni Creator Spiritus.*

- 1 COME Holy Ghost, Creator, come,  
And visit all the souls of Thine :  
Thou hast inspired our hearts with life ;  
Inspire them now with life divine.
- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift  
Of God most high ; the Fire of love,  
The everlasting Spring of joy,  
And holy unction from above.
- 3 Thy gifts are manifold ; Thou writ'st  
God's laws in every faithful heart ;  
The promise of the Father, Thou  
Dost heavenly eloquence impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they  
Thy love, Thy heavenly love embrace ;  
And since we are by nature frail,  
Assist us with Thy saving grace.
- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,  
And grant us to have peace within ;  
That, with Thy light and guidance blest,  
We may escape the snares of sin.
- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,  
And Son, who from the grave revived ,  
And, with the Father and the Son,  
Thee, Holy Ghost, from both derived.  
Amen.

*St. Gregory.**Tr. in Book of Common Prayer.*

## 128.

*Jesu, nostra, redemptio.*

- 1 O CHRIST, our hope, our heart's desire,  
Redemption's only spring,  
Creator of the world art Thou,  
Its Saviour and its King.
- 2 How vast the mercy and the love  
Which laid our sins on Thee,  
And led Thee to a cruel death  
To set Thy people free !
- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,  
The ransom has been paid ;  
And Thou art on Thy Father's Throne  
In glorious robes arrayed.
- 4 O may Thy mighty love prevail  
Our sinful souls to spare !  
O may we come before Thy Throne.  
And see Thy glory there !
- 5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,  
Our future great reward ;  
Our only glory may it be,  
To glory in the Lord.
- 6 All praise to Thee Who dost ascend  
Triumphantly to heaven ;  
All praise to God the Father's Name,  
And Holy Ghost be given. Amen.

*J. Chandler. (tr.)*

## 129.

- 1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise  
Glorious, to His native skies ;  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Enters now the highest heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits ;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates ;  
Wide unfold the radiant scene :  
Take the King of Glory in.
- 3 Him though highest heaven receives,  
Still He loves the earth He leaves ;  
Though returning to His throne,  
He can ne'er forget His own.
- 4 Still for them He intercedes,  
His prevailing death He pleads,  
Now prepares for them a place,  
Saviour of the ransomed race.
- 5 Ever upwards may we rove,  
Wafted on the wings of love,  
Looking when our Lord shall come,  
Waiting, longing after home :
- 6 Then shall we with Thee remain,  
Partners of Thine endless reign :  
Then Thy face unclouded see ;  
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee. Amen.

*M. Madan.*

130.

*Æterne Rex altissime.*

- 1    O THOU eternal King most High !  
    Who didst the world redeem ;  
    And conquering death and hell, receive  
    A dignity supreme.
- 2    Thou, through the starry orbs, this day  
    Didst to Thy throne ascend ;  
    Thenceforth to reign in sovereign power,  
    And glory without end.
- 3    There, seated in Thy majesty,  
    To Thee submissive bow  
    The heaven of heavens, the spacious earth,  
    The depths of hell below.
- 4    There, waiting for Thy faithful souls,  
    Be Thou to us, O Lord !  
    Our peerless joy while here we stay,  
    In heaven our great reward.
- 5    Renew our strength, our sins forgive,  
    Our miseries efface ;  
    And lift our souls aloft to Thee,  
    By Thy celestial grace.
- 6    Glory to Jesus, who returns  
    Triumphanty to heaven ;  
    Praise to the Father evermore,  
    And Holy Ghost be given. Amen.

*E. Caswall. (tr.)*

## 131.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;  
Our Jesus is gone up on high :  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphant chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
Ye everlasting doors, give way ! ”
- 3 “ Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold th’ ethereal scene ;  
He claims these mansions as His right ;  
Receive the King of glory in. ”
- 4 “ Who is the King of glory ? Who ?  
The Lord, that all His foes o’ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew,  
And Jesus is the Conqueror’s name. ”
- 5 Lo ! His triumphant chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
Ye everlasting doors, give way ! ”
- 6 “ Who is the King of glory ? Who ? ”  
The Lord, of glorious power possess’d,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all, for ever blest.

*C. Wesley.*

## 132.

- 1 THE Saviour stood on Olivet ;  
His earthly task was o'er ;  
And wherefore should He linger yet  
On this world's dreary shore ?
- 2 He raised on high His hands divine,  
He blessed His faithful train ;  
O when shall Adam's guilty line  
Such blessings hear again ?
- 3 Then slowly toward the expecting sky  
That sky's Creator rose ;  
Angelic watchers, ranged on high,  
Bade heaven's bright gates unclose.
- 4 He entered in, the Lord of might,  
Eternal and supreme ;  
His presence e'en those realms of light  
Illumed with brighter beam.
- 5 O Thou, who thus exalted art,  
On whom our souls rely ;  
Grant to us now in mind and heart  
To dwell with Thee on high.
- 6 And when at last the archangel's voice  
Shall call us from the grave,  
May we with all Thy saints rejoice,  
Through Him who died to save. Amen.

## 133.

- 1 THE Head that once was crowned with thorns,  
Is crowned with glory now ;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that Heaven affords  
Is His, is His by right,  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
And Heaven's eternal Light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below,  
To whom He manifests His love,  
And grants His Name to know.
- 4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given ;  
Their name an everlasting name,  
Their joy the joy of Heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with Him above,  
Their profit and their joy to know  
The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross He bore is life and health,  
Though shame and death to Him,  
His people's hope, His people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.

*T. Kelly.*

## 134.

- 1 WHERE high the heavenly Temple stands,  
The House of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The Guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He, Who for men their surety stood,  
And poured on earth His precious Blood,  
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a Brother's eye ;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our Fellow-Sufferer still retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;  
And still remembers, in the skies,  
His tears, and agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart  
The Man of sorrows had a part ;  
He sympathizes with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the Throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known ;  
And ask the aid of Heavenly Power,  
To help us in the evil hour.

*J. Logan.*

## 135.

*Nobis Olympo redditus.*

- 1 O CHRIST, who hast prepared a place  
For us around Thy throne of grace,  
We pray Thee, lift our hearts above,  
And draw them with the cords of love !
- 2 Source of all good, Thou, gracious Lord,  
Art our exceeding great reward ;  
How transient is our present pain,  
How boundless our eternal gain !
- 3 With open face and joyful heart  
We then shall see Thee as Thou art ;  
Our love shall never cease to glow,  
Our praise shall never cease to flow.
- 4 Thy never-failing grace to prove,  
A surety of Thine endless love,  
Send down Thy Holy Ghost, to be  
The raiser of our souls to Thee.
- 5 O Future Judge, Eternal Lord,  
Thy Name be hallowed and adored ;  
To God the Father, King of Heaven,  
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given. Amen.

*J. Chandler. (tr.)*

## 136.

- 1 THOU art gone up on high  
To mansions in the skies,  
And round Thy throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise.

But we are lingering here  
 With sin and care oppressed ;  
 Lord ! send Thy promised Comforter,  
 And lead us to Thy rest !

- 2 Thou art gone up on high :  
 But Thou didst first come down,  
 Through earth's most bitter misery  
 To pass unto Thy crown :  
 And girt with griefs and fears  
 Our onward course must be ;  
 But only let that path of tears  
 Lead us, at last, to Thee !

- 3 Thou art gone up on high :  
 But Thou shalt come again  
 With all the bright ones of the sky  
 Attendant in Thy train.  
 Oh ! by Thy saving power  
 So make us live and die,  
 That we may stand, in that dread hour,  
 At Thy right hand on high ! Amen.

*E. Toke.*

- 1 RULER of the hosts of light,  
 Death hath yielded to Thy might,  
 And Thy Blood hath marked a road,  
 Which will lead us back to God.

- 2 From Thy dwelling-place above,  
From Thy Father's throne of love,  
Look upon us here below,  
Do not leave us in our woe.
- 3 Now Thou sittest on Thy throne,  
By Thy death and sorrows won ;  
Now perform the promise given,  
Send the Holy Ghost from Heaven.
- 4 Praise the Son, Who reigns on high  
With the Father in the sky ;  
And the Holy Ghost adore ;  
Three in One, for evermore. Amen.

*F. Chandler. (tr.)*

### 138.

- 1 COME, Heavenly Spirit, come :  
Cleansed by Christ's blood, all lands  
For Thee prepare a home,  
To Thee stretch forth their hands.
- 2 The Christ ascended hath :  
Thou then His promise pay ;  
And in Thy fiery bath,  
Our bosoms wash this day.
- 3 Our missing One we mourn,  
Then pity our distress ;  
O comfort the forlorn,  
And cheer the fatherless.

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- 4 What Christ forbore to teach  
To hearts unfit to know,  
Now in the minds of each  
Engraft that it may grow.
- 5 Let truth from ancient seers  
In shadow half concealed,  
Now ring in all men's ears,  
Now lie to all revealed.
- 6 Let Thy sweet unction school  
All hearts, and on them write  
The law's now silent rule  
In characters of light.
- 7 To Sire and Son be praise,  
Praise, Holy Ghost, to Thee  
The Bond of Both always,  
Through all eternity. Amen.

## 139.

*Veni Sancte Spiritus.*

- 1 **HOLY** Ghost ! the Comforter !  
Now from highest heaven appear,  
Shed Thy gracious radiance here.
- 2 Come to them who suffer dearth,  
With Thy gifts of priceless worth,  
Lighten all who dwell on earth !
- 3 Thou the heart's most precious Guest,  
Thou of comforters the best,  
Give to us, th' o'er-laden, rest !

- 4 Come, in Thee our toil is sweet,  
Shelter from the noon-day heat,  
From whom sorrow flieth fleet !
- 5 Blessed Sun ! Oh let Thy rays  
Fill with joy and warmth and grace  
Every heart that truly prays.
- 6 What without Thy aid is wrought,  
Skilful deed or wisest thought,  
God will count but vain and nought.
- 7 Cleanse us, Lord, from sinful stain,  
O'er the parchèd heart, Oh rain,  
Heal the wounded from its pain.
- 8 Bend the stubborn will to Thine,  
Melt the cold with fire divine,  
Erring hearts aright incline.
- 9 Grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee,  
Steadfast in the faith to be ;  
Give Thy gifts of charity :
- 10 May we live in holiness,  
And in death find happiness,  
And abide with Thee in bliss ! Amen.

*King Robert II. of France.*

*Tr. (from a German version) by C. Winkworth.*

## 140.

*Veni Creator Spiritus.*

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire ;  
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart ;  
Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 2 Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight ;  
Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace ;  
Keep far our foes ; give peace at home ;  
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee of Both, to be but One ;  
That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song,  
“ Praise to Thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit ! ” Amen.

*St. Gregory.**Tv. in Book of Common Prayer.*

## 141.

- 1 COME, mild and holy Dove,  
Descend into our breast ;  
Rest Thou on us, make us in Thee  
For ever sweetly rest.

- 2 Come and spread o'er our heads  
Thy soft all-fostering wing ;  
That in its shade we safely dwell,  
And still Thy praises sing :
- 3 Thy praise who giv'st us life,  
Our holier life of grace ;  
Yea, life and breath, and strength and speed,  
To run, and win the race.
- 4 If by the way we faint  
Thou reachest forth Thy hand ;  
If our own weakness makes us fall,  
Thou mak'st our weakness stand.
- 5 Be Thou our strength, O Lord ;  
Our life by which we live ;  
Our love, our joy, our hope,—but Thou  
That life of love must give.
- 6 Speak Thou within our souls ;  
Our prayers within us pray ;  
And hear Thyself within us speak,  
For Thine own prayers are they.
- 7 Glory to Thee, O Lord,  
One co-eternal Three ;  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One equal Glory be. Amen.

## 142.

- 1 THOU, who camest from above,  
Bringing light, and shedding love,  
Teaching of Thy perfect way,  
Giving gifts to men to-day ;
- 2 Thou, who once didst change our state,  
Making us regenerate,  
Help us evermore to be  
Faithful subjects unto Thee.
- 3 We have often grieved Thee sore ;  
Never let us grieve Thee more :  
Thou the feeble canst protect,  
Thou the wand'ring canst direct.
- 4 We are dark—be Thou our light ;  
We are blind—be Thou our sight ;  
Be our comfort in distress ;  
Guide us through the wilderness.
- 5 To the Blessed Three in One,  
To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Holy Ghost, arise  
Praise from all below the skies ! Amen.

*J. M. Neale.*

## 143.

*Veni Creator Spiritus.*

- 1 CREATOR Spirit ! By whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every pious mind,  
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind ;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make Thy temples worthy Thee !

- 2 Oh, Source of uncreated Light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete ;  
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire :  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous in grace descend from high,  
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy ;  
Our frailty help, our vice control,  
Submit the senses to our soul ;  
And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's name :  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died ;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee ! Amen.

*St. Gregory.*

*J. Dryden. (tr.)*

#### I44.

- 1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,  
O shed Thine influence from above ;  
And still from age to age convey  
The wonders of this sacred day !
- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,  
Be God's amazing glory sung ;  
Through all the listening earth be taught  
The acts our risen Redeemer wrought.

136 *Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun-week.*

- 3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide !  
Still o'er Thy favoured church preside !  
Still may mankind Thy blessings prove,  
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love ! Amen.

*R. W. Kyle.*

*Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun-week.*

145.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,  
Pierce the clouds of sinful night ;  
Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,  
Breathe Thy Life, and spread Thy Light !  
Loving Spirit, God of Peace !  
Great Distributor of grace !  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Hear, O hear our supplication !
- 2 From that height which knows no measure,  
As a gracious shower descend,  
Bringing down the richest treasure  
Men can wish, or God can send !  
O Thou Glory, shining down  
From the Father and the Son,  
Grant us Thy illumination !  
Rest upon this congregation !
- 3 Be our Friend on each occasion,  
God ! omnipotent to save !  
When we die, be our salvation,  
When we're buried, be our grave !

And, when from the grave we rise,  
Take us up above the skies ;  
Seat us with Thy saints in glory,  
There for ever to adore Thee ! Amen.

*P. Gerhardt. Jacobi and Toplady. (trs.)*

*Trinity Sunday.*

## 146.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to  
Thee ;  
Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty !  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !
- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around  
the glassy sea,  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory  
may not see,  
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in  
earth and sky and sea ;  
Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty !  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !  
Amen.

*Bp. R. Heber.*

## 147.

- 1 MIGHTY Father ! Blessed Son !  
Holy Spirit ! Three in One !  
Evermore Thy will be done !
- 2 Threefold is Thy glorious might,  
Threefold is Thy Name of light,  
Holy ! Awful ! Infinite !
- 3 Threefold let our praises be,  
Great mysterious One, to Thee !  
Undivided Trinity !
- 4 Holy, holy, holy Lord !  
God Almighty ! Father ! Word !  
Spirit ! Three in One adored !
- 5 Threefold is Thy love to me,  
Threefold let my graces be,  
Faith, and Hope, and Charity.
- 6 Mighty Father ! Blessed Son !  
Holy Spirit ! Three in One !  
Evermore Thy will be done ! Amen.

*J. S. B. Monsell.*

## 148.

- 1 ROUND the Lord in glory seated,  
Cherubim and Seraphim  
Filled His temple, and repeated  
Each to each the alternate hymn :

“ Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fulness stored ;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.”

- 2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
Earth takes up the angels’ cry,  
“ Holy, Holy, Holy,” singing,  
“ Lord of hosts, the Lord most high ! ”  
With his seraph train before Him,  
With His holy Church below,  
Thus conspire we to adore Him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow :
- 3 “ Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fulness stored ;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.  
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,  
We adopt Thy angels’ cry,  
‘ Holy, Holy, Holy,’ blessing  
Thee the Lord of Hosts most high ! ” Amen.

*Bp. R. Mant.*

## 149.

*Summa Parens clementiae.*

- 1 PARENT of all, whose love displayed  
Still rules the world Thy bounty made,  
Fain would we raise the hymn to Thee,  
In Substance One, in Person Three.

- 2 Fain would we chant to Thee the song,  
Which through the ages all along  
Is chanted by Thy heavenly train,  
And earth resounds to heaven again.
  - 3 Taught by Thy word this festal day  
Our homage of true faith we pay :  
Oh, in that faith preserve us still,  
And shield us evermore from ill :
  - 4 That still our lips Thy praise may show,  
And with Thy holy church below,  
Above with Thy angelic host,  
Sing Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.
- Bishop Mant. (tr.)*

## 150.

- 1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,  
To us Thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord ;  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,  
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death ;  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,  
To us Thy quickening power extend.

- 4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son ;  
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One !  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,  
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend. Amen.  
*J. Cooper.*

## 151.

- 1 HAVE mercy on us, God most high,  
Who lift our hearts to Thee ;  
Have mercy on us worms of earth,  
Most Holy Trinity.
- 2 Most Ancient of all mysteries !  
Before Thy throne we lie ;  
Have mercy now, most merciful,  
Most Holy Trinity.
- 3 When heaven and earth were yet unmade,  
When time was yet unknown,  
Thou, in Thy bliss and majesty,  
Didst live and love alone.
- 4 How wonderful Creation is,  
The work that Thou didst bless ;  
And oh ! what then must Thou be like ?  
Eternal Loveliness !
- 5 Most Ancient of all mysteries !  
Still at Thy throne we lie ;  
Have mercy now, most merciful,  
Most Holy Trinity ! Amen.

*F. W. Faber.*

## 152.

- 1 WE love Thee, Lord, yet not alone,  
Because Thy bounteous hand  
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts  
On ocean, and on land :  
For these Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord,  
Yet not for these alone  
The incense of Thy children's love  
Arises to Thy throne.
- 2 We love Thee, Lord, because, when we  
Had erred and gone astray,  
Thou didst recal our wandering souls  
Into the heavenward way :  
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost  
In sin and sorrow's night,  
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray  
Of Thy benignant light.
- 3 Because, O Lord, Thou loved'st us  
With everlasting love,  
And sentest forth Thy Son to die  
That we might live above ;  
Because, when we were heirs of wrath,  
Thou gavest hopes of heaven :  
We love because we much have sinned,  
And much have been forgiven.

C. Elliott.\*

## 153.

- 1 IN glorious majesty, how great  
Must our Creator be,  
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light  
Of vast infinity !

- 2 Our soaring spirits upward rise  
Toward the celestial throne ;  
We meditate the Blessed Three,  
And the Almighty One.
- 3 Our reason stretches all its wings,  
And climbs above the skies ;  
But still how far beneath Thy feet  
Our grovelling reason lies !
- 4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,  
And awfully adore ;  
For the weak pinions of the mind  
Can stretch a thought no more.
- 5 In humble notes our faith adores  
The great mysterious King,  
While angels strain their nobler powers  
And sweep the immortal string.

*I. Watts.\**

## I 54.

- 1 OUR God is love ; and all His saints  
His image bear below :  
The heart with love to God inspired  
With love to man will glow.
- 2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,  
As we are loved of Thee ;  
For none are truly born of God  
Who live in enmity.

- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,  
Our hopes and fears the same,  
The cords of love our hearts should bind,  
The law of love inflame.
  
- 4 So may the vain contentious world  
Our peaceful lives approve,  
And wondering say, as they of old,  
“ See how these Christians love.” Amen.

*Second Sunday after Trinity.*

155.

- 1 FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,  
Oh lead us gently on,  
Until life's trial-time shall end,  
And heavenly peace be won !  
We know not what the path may be  
As yet by us untrod ;  
But we can trust our all to Thee,  
Our Father and our God !
  
- 2 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb  
The hill of sacrifice,  
Some angel may be there in time ;  
Deliverance shall arise :  
Or, if some darker lot be good,  
Oh, teach us to endure  
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,  
That makes the spirit pure !

- 3 Christ by no flowery pathway came ;  
And we, His followers here,  
Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name.  
In hope, and love, and fear.  
And, till in Heaven we sinless bow,  
And faultless anthems raise,  
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now  
Accept our feeble praise ! Amen.

*W. J. Irons.*

156.

- 1 WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know  
That fellowship of love,  
His Spirit only can bestow  
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light ! and sin abhorred  
Shall ne'er defile again ;  
The blood of Jesus Christ, the Lord,  
Shall cleanse from every stain.
- 3 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly His,  
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
In Whom no darkness is.
- 4 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away,  
Because that light hath on thee shone,  
In which is perfect day.

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- 5 Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb  
     No fearful shade shall wear ;  
     Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
     For Christ hath conquered there !
- 6 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt see  
     A path, though thorny, bright ;  
     For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
     And God Himself is light.

## 157.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Source of every blessing !  
     Tune our hearts to grateful lays ;  
     Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
     Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach us some melodious measure,  
     Sung by saints in bliss above ;—  
     Oh, the vast, the boundless treasure  
     Of our Lord's unchanging love !
- 3 Thou didst seek us, exiled strangers,  
     Wandering from the fold of God,  
     Thou, to rescue us from dangers,  
     Didst redeem us with Thy Blood.
- 4 By Thy hand restored, defended,  
     Safe through life thus far we're come :  
     Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
     Bring us to our heavenly home. Amen.

## 158.

- 1 WHO trusts in God, a strong abode  
    In heaven and earth possesses ;  
Who looks in love to Christ above,  
    No fear his heart oppresses.  
In Thee alone, dear Lord, we own  
    Sweet hope and consolation ;  
Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,  
    Our great and sure salvation.
- 2 Though Satan's wrath beset our path,  
    And worldly scorn assail us,  
While Thou art near we will not fear,  
    Thy strength shall never fail us.  
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,  
    And guide our steps for ever ;  
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,  
    Our souls from Thee shall sever.
- 3 In all the strife of mortal life  
    Our feet shall stand securely ;  
Temptation's hour shall lose its power.  
    For Thou shalt guard us surely.  
O God, renew, with heavenly dew,  
    Our body, soul, and spirit,  
Until we stand at Thy right hand,  
    Through Jesu's saving merit. Amen.

*B. H. Kennedy.*

## 159.

- 1 JESUS, seek Thy wandering sheep ;  
Bring us back, and lead, and keep ;  
Take us as Thy tender care ;  
Bear us, in Thy bosom bear.
- 2 Let us know our Shepherd's voice ;  
More and more in Thee rejoice ;  
More and more of Thee receive ;  
Ever in Thy Spirit live.
- 3 O that we at last may stand  
With Thine own at Thy right hand,  
Take the crowns so freely given,  
Enter in with Thee to heaven ! Amen.

## 160.

- 1 HARK ! through the courts of heaven  
Voices of angels sound ;  
“ He that was dead now lives again,  
He that was lost is found.”
- 2 God of unfailing grace,  
Send down Thy Spirit now ;  
Raise the dejected soul to hope,  
And make the lofty bow.
- 3 In countries far from home  
On earthly husks we feed ;  
Back to our Father's house, O Lord,  
Our wandering footsteps lead.

- 4 Then at each soul's return  
The heavenly harp shall sound  
He that was dead now lives again,  
He that was lost is found !
- 5 \*To God the Son who came  
Lost sinners to restore,  
The Father and the Holy Ghost,  
Be glory evermore. Amen.

*H. Alford.*

## 161.

- 1 GOD is love : His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we move :  
Bliss He grants, and woe He lightens ;  
God is light, and God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;  
Worlds decay and ages move ;  
But His mercy waneth never ;  
God is light, and God is love.
- 3 E'en the days most dark in seeming  
His unchanging goodness prove ;  
From the mist His sun is streaming :  
God is light, and God is love.
- 4 He our earthly cares entwineth  
With His comforts from above :  
Everywhere His glory shineth :  
God is light, and God is love.

*J. Bowring.*

## 162.

- 1 **L**IIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,  
Star of the coming day!  
Arise, and with Thy morning beams  
Chase all our griefs away!
- 2 Come, Blessed Lord! let every shore  
And answering island sing  
The praises of Thy royal name,  
And own Thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now  
To the bright world above,  
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy  
In memory of Thy love.
- 4 Jesus! Thy fair creation groans,  
The air, the earth, the sea,  
In unison with all our hearts,  
And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace divine:  
Be Thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory Thine! Amen.  
*Sir E. Denny.*

## 163.

- 1 **L**IIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death,  
Come, and by Thy love's revealing,  
Dissipate the clouds beneath.  
The new heaven and earth's Creator,  
In our deepest darkness rise ;  
Scattering all the night of nature,  
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for Thy appearing ;  
Life and joy Thy beams impart ;  
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering  
Every poor benighted heart.  
Come, and manifest the favour  
Thou hast for our ransomed race ;  
Come, sweet Advocate and Saviour,  
Come, and bring Thy gospel grace.
- 3 Save us in Thy great compassion,  
O Thou mild pacific Prince,  
Give the knowledge of salvation,  
Give the pardon of our sins.  
By Thine all-sufficient merit  
Every burdened soul release ;  
By the shinings of Thy Spirit  
Guide us into perfect peace. Amen.

*A. M. Toplady.*

## 164.

1 JESU ! guide our way  
 To eternal day !  
 So shall we, no more delaying,  
 Follow Thee, Thy voice obeying :  
 Lead us by Thy hand  
 To our Father's land !

2 When we danger meet,  
 Stedfast make our feet !  
 Lord, preserve us uncomplaining  
 'Mid the darkness round us reigning !  
 Through adversity  
 Lies our way to Thee.

3 Order all our way  
 Through this mortal day ;  
 In our toil with aid be near us ;  
 In our need with succour cheer us ;  
 When life's course is o'er,  
 Open Thou the door ! Amen.

*Count Zinsendorf. A. T. Russell. (tr.)*

## 165.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
 When those who love the Lord,  
 In one another's peace delight,  
 And so fulfil His word.

- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part ;  
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart !
- 3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride ;  
Our wishes fix above ;  
May each his brother's failing hide,  
And show a brother's love. Amen.

*J. Swain.*

## 166.

### *Psalm CXXI.*

- 1 WE lift our eyes to yonder hills,  
Where only help is found ;  
To Him who all creation fills,  
Who gives the stars their bound.
- 2 The mighty God His Israel keeps,  
And Holy is His Name ;  
He never slumbers, never sleeps,  
From age to age the same.
- 3 Lord, we who in Thy ways delight,  
May banish every fear ;  
By sea and land, by day and night,  
Thy hand is ever near.
- 4 We will indulge no faithless doubt,  
And, wheresoe'er we roam,  
Thou wilt preserve our going out,  
And Thou our coming home.

- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
     The God whom we adore,  
     Be glory as it was, is now,  
     And shall be evermore. Amen.

*Sixth Sunday after Trinity.*

167.

- 1 BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,  
     That taught us this sweet way,  
     Only to love Thee for Thyselv,  
     And for that love obey.
- 2 O Thou, our souls' chief hope !  
     We to Thy mercy fly ;  
     Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,  
     Whate'er we need, supply.
- 3 Whether we sleep or wake,  
     To Thee we both resign ;  
     By night we see, as well as day,  
     If Thy light on us shine.
- 4 Whether we live or die,  
     Both we submit to Thee ;  
     In death we live, as well as life,  
     If Thine in death we be. Amen.

*J. Austin.*

168.

- 1 LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee ;  
     O height, O depth of love !  
     Thou one with us upon the tree,  
     We one with Thee above !

Such was Thy grace, that, for our sake,  
Thou didst from heaven come down,  
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,  
In all our misery one.

- 2 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,  
Were cancelled all by Thee ;  
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,  
To set Thy members free.  
Ascended now, in glory bright,  
Still one with us Thou art ;  
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,  
Thy saints and Thee can part.
- 3 O teach us, Lord, to know and own  
This wondrous mystery,  
That Thou with us art truly one,  
And we are one with Thee.  
Soon, soon shall come that glorious day  
When, seated on Thy throne,  
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display  
That Thou with us art one. Amen.

*J. Deck.\**

## 169.

- 1 WITH Christ we share a mystic grave  
With Christ we buried lie ;  
But 'tis not in the darksome cave  
By mournful Calvary.

- 2 The pure and bright baptismal wave  
Entombs our nature's stain ;  
New creatures from the cleansing flood  
With Christ we rise again.
- 3 Thrice blest, if through this world of strife,  
And sin, and selfish care,  
This bridal robe of righteousness  
We undefiled wear.
- 4 Thrice blest, if through the gate of death,  
Glorious at last and free,  
We to our joyful rising pass,  
O risen Lord, with Thee.
- 5 Baptized in that thrice holy Name,  
The Three in One adore ;  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Give glory evermore. Amen.

*Brownie.**Seventh Sunday after Trinity.*

170.

- 1 LORD of power, Lord of might !  
God and Father of us all ;  
Lord of day, and Lord of night,  
Listen to our solemn call ;  
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise  
Songs of prayer, and songs of praise.

- 2 Light and love and life are Thine,  
Great Creator of all good ;  
Fill our souls with light divine ;  
Give us, with our daily food,  
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,  
Blessings rich for evermore.
- 3 Graft within our heart of hearts  
Love undying for Thy name,  
Bid us e'er the day departs  
Spread afar our Maker's fame :  
Young and old together bless,  
Clothe our souls with righteousness.
- 4 Full of years, and full of peace,  
May our life on earth be blest ;  
When our trials here shall cease,  
And at last we sink to rest,  
Fountain of eternal love !  
Call us to our home above. Amen.

*G. Thring.*

### I7I.

- 1 ALL wondering on the desert ground  
The hungry thousands gazed around,  
While Jesus for their need displayed  
The power that once the worlds had made.
- 2 Few were the words the Saviour spake ;  
He only blessed the bread and brake ;  
The scanty loaves, the fishes few,  
At His commandment, ceaseless grew.

- 3 No meagre store, O Lord, have we  
 Of grace and blessings showered from Thee .  
 Yet in our barren hearts and dry  
 More scanty grows the rich supply.
- 4 On desert sands we seem to roam,  
 Weary, and faint, and far from home,  
 Though pastures green around us grow,  
 And Thy still waters near us flow.
- 5 Oh ! with a living growth inspire,  
 Not Thy blest gifts, but our desire,  
 That we may taste Thy mercy's store,  
 And thirst and hunger never more ! Amen.

*J. E. Bode.*

172.

- 1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide  
 Of all who seek the land above,  
 Beneath Thy shadow we abide,  
 The cloud of Thy protecting love ;  
 Our strength Thy grace, our rule Thy word  
 Our end the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,  
 We shall not in the desert stray ;  
 By Thy paternal bounty fed  
 We shall not lack in all our way  
 As far from danger as from fear,  
 While love, Almighty love, is near.

*C. Wesley.\**

## 173.

- 1 O BLESSING rich, for sons of men  
Members of Christ to be,  
Joined to the holy Son of God  
In wondrous unity !
- 2 O Jesu, our great Head divine,  
From whom most freely flow  
The streams of life, and strength, and warmth,  
To all the frame below :
- 3 Keep us as members sound and whole  
Within Thy body true ;  
Build us into a temple fair,  
Meet stones in order due.
- 4 Keep us good branches of Thy vine,  
Large store of fruit to yield ;  
Keep us as sheep that wander not  
From Thy most pleasant field.
- 5 For one with God, O Jesu blest,  
We are when one with Thee,  
With saints on earth and saints at rest,  
A glorious company. Amen.

*W. W. How.*

## 174.

- 1 ABBA, Father, while we sing,  
Hear the thankful praise we bring ;  
Taught to cast our care on Thee,  
Daily mercies, Lord, we see :  
Yet enrich us with Thy grace ;  
Give us with Thy sons a place.

- 2 By the Holy Spirit led ;  
 Nourished with celestial bread ;  
 Strengthened through their mortal strife ;  
 Kept to everlasting life ;  
 Peace and hope to them are given,  
 Time and glory, earth and heaven.
- 3 What though trials wait us here ;  
 Christ endured what we must bear ;  
 If His grace our strength sustain,  
 Welcome sorrow, shame, and pain ;  
 Peace shall flow from every loss ;  
 Endless glory from the Cross. Amen.

## 175.

1 O KING of kings, before whose throne  
 The angels bow, no gift can we  
 Present that is indeed our own,  
 Since heaven and earth belong to Thee :  
 Yet this our souls through grace impart,  
 The offering of a thankful heart.

2 O Jesu, set at God's right hand,  
 With Thine eternal Father plead  
 For all Thy loyal-hearted band,  
 Who still on earth Thy succour need ;  
 For them in weakness strength provide,  
 And through the world their footsteps guide.

- 3 O Holy Spirit, Fount of breath,  
Whose comforts never fail nor fade,  
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,  
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade ;  
And grant that we through all our days  
May share Thy gifts, and sing Thy praise.

Amen.

*J. Quarles & T. Darling.*

## 176.

- 1 JESUS ! lead us with Thy power  
Safe unto the promised rest ;  
Hide our souls within Thy bosom ;  
Let us slumber on Thy breast ;  
Feed us with the heavenly manna,  
Bread that angels eat above ;  
Let us drink from the holy Fountain  
Draughts of everlasting love !
- 2 Through the desert wild conduct us  
With a glorious pillar bright,  
In the day a cooling comfort,  
And a cheering fire by night ;  
Be our Guide in every peril,  
Watch us hourly night and day ;  
Otherwise we'll err and wander  
From Thy Spirit far away.
- 3 In Thy Presence we are happy ;  
In Thy Presence we're secure ;  
In Thy Presence all afflictions  
We will easily endure ;

In Thy Presence we can conquer,  
 We can suffer, we can die ;  
 Far from Thee, we faint and languish :  
 Lord, our Saviour, keep us nigh ! Amen.

*W. Williams.*

177.

- 1 O LORD, refresh Thy flock !  
 Athirst to Thee they cry :  
 Thou art the spiritual Rock  
 Whence they must drink or die.
  - 2 O Lord, our sickness heal !  
 Thou, in our sufferings sore,  
 Wert lifted up, that we might feel  
 Sin's poison-fangs no more.
  - 3 Preserve us, Lord, from death !  
 Thou art the Lamb whose blood,  
 On Israel's lintel, spread in faith,  
 A token was for good.
  - 4 With many a bitter herb  
 Of dear-loved sins subdued,  
 'Tis meet that, drest in pilgrim-garb,  
 We take Thee for our food.
  - 5 Away those types are cast,—  
 And now Thyself we see ;  
 Yet let each hint, that cheered the past,  
 Still lift our hearts to Thee. Amen.
- J. Anstice.*

## 178.

- 1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah !  
Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand !  
Bread of heaven ! Bread of heaven !  
Feed me now and evermore !
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through ;  
Strong Deliverer ! Strong Deliverer !  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield !
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;  
Songs of praises, Songs of praises,  
I will ever give to Thee ! Amen.

*W. Williams.**Tenth Sunday after Trinity.*

## 179.

- 1 O LORD ! Thy wing outspread,  
And us Thy flock enfold ;  
Thy broad wing spread, that covered  
Thy mercy-seat of old.

M 2

Make Thou our heart Thine ark,  
 Whereon Thy mystic Dove  
 May brood, and lighten it, when dark,  
 With beams of peace and love.

- 2 That dearer far to Thee  
   Than gold or cedar-shrine  
 The bodies of Thy saints may be,  
   The souls by Thee made Thine :  
   So never more be stirred  
     That voice within our heart,  
 The fearful word that once was heard,  
   “ Up, let Us hence depart.”

- 3 To God, the Almighty Sire,  
   To Christ the living Lord,  
 And to the Comforter, the Fire  
   Of love, all praise be poured :  
   Praise from the flock below,  
   Praise from the saints above,  
 Unceasing as the ocean’s flow,  
   Unbounded as God’s love. Amen.

*W. J. Blew.*

### 180.

- 1 DID Christ o’er sinners weep,  
   And shall our cheeks be dry ?  
 Let floods of penitential grief  
   Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears  
   The angels wondering see :  
 Hast thou no wonder, O my soul ?  
   He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,  
Might weep our sin and shame ;  
He wept to show His love for us,  
And bid us love the same.

4 Then tender be our hearts,  
Our eyes in sorrow dim,  
Till every tear from every eye,  
Is wiped away by Him.

5 To God the Son, who came  
Lost sinners to restore,  
The Father, and the Holy Ghost,  
Be glory evermore. Amen.

*B. Beddome.*

### I 8 I.

1 **H**OLY Ghost ! whose fire celestial  
Light and life divine imparts,  
Come and dwell in breasts terrestrial,  
Heaven reveal in all our hearts.  
Come and pour, in blest effusion,  
Heavenly unction from above ;  
Scattering wide, in rich diffusion,  
“Comfort, light, and fire, and love.”

2 Keep Thy Church in holy union ;  
Fears remove ; give peace at home,  
Source of peace and sweet communion,  
Where Thou dwell’st no ill can come.

Teach us humbly to adore Thee,  
 While on earth we pass our days ;  
 Then transport our souls to glory,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise. Amen.

*Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.*

## 182.

*Rerum Creator omnium.*

- 1 CREATOR of mankind,  
 Thy promised help we claim,  
 That so our life Thou may'st not find  
 Unworthy of our name.
- 2 If Thou Thy grace deny,  
 We cannot rightly strive ;  
 In Thee alone to sin we die,  
 In Thee alone we live.
- 3 Our goings, Lord, uphold,  
 Till this dark vale be passed ;  
 Till in Thy fear for ever bold,  
 We reach Thy rest at last.
- 4 Oh, happy, peaceful rest,  
 Prepared for saints above !  
 Where they with all Thy joys are blessed,  
 And drink Thy streams of love.
- 5 O Trinity Divine,  
 To Thee our hearts we raise :  
 May we Thy ransomed people join,  
 And share their songs of praise ! Amen.  
*J. Chandler. (tr.)*

183.

- 1 LORD, like the publican, I stand,  
And lift my heart to Thee ;  
Thy pardoning grace, O God, command ;  
Be merciful to me.
- 2 I smite upon my anxious breast,  
O'erwhelmed with agony !  
Oh ! save my soul by sin oppressed ;  
Be merciful to me.
- 3 My guilt, my shame I all confess,  
I have no hope nor plea  
But Jesus' blood and righteousness :  
Be merciful to me.
- 4 The chief of sinners though I am,  
And vile beyond degree,  
To die for me Immanuel came :  
Be merciful to me.
- 5 Here at Thy Cross I still would wait,  
Nor from its shelter flee,  
Till Thou, O God, in mercy great,  
Art merciful to me. Amen.

*T. Raffles.*

184.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,  
Let Thy light around us shine :  
All our guilty fears remove ;  
Fill us with Thy peace and love.

- 2 Pardon to the contrite give,  
Bid the wounded sinner live ;  
Lead us to the Lamb of God,  
Wash us in His precious blood.
  
- 3 Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,  
Comfort every troubled breast ;  
Life and joy and peace impart,  
Sanctifying every heart.
  
- 4 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,  
Keep us in the heavenly way ;  
Bring us to Thy courts above,  
Realms of light and endless love. Amen.

*J. Stocker.*

*Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.*

185.

- 1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;  
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but Thee ;  
Yet possessing every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.
  
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;  
All our weakness Thou dost know ;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe :  
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.

- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
    Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;  
Love, with every passion blending,  
    Pleasure that can never cloy :  
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,  
    Nothing can our peace destroy.

*J. Edmeston.*

## 186.

- 1 WHEN God of old came down from heaven,  
    In power and wrath He came ;  
Before His feet the clouds were riven,  
    Half darkness and half flame :
- 2 But when He came the second time,  
    He came in power and love ;  
Softer than gale at morning prime  
    Hovered His holy Dove.
- 3 The fires, that rushed on Sinai down  
    In sudden torrents dread,  
Now gently light, a glorious crown,  
    On every sainted head.
- 4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear  
    The voice exceeding loud,  
The trump, that angels quake to hear,  
    Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud ;
- 5 So, when the Spirit of our God  
    Came down His flock to find,  
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,  
    A rushing mighty wind.

- 6 It fills the Church of God ; it fills  
     The sinful world around ;  
     Only in stubborn hearts and wills  
         No place for it is found.
- 7 Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,  
     Open our ears to hear ;  
     Let us not miss the accepted hour ;  
         Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

*J. Keble.*

## 187.

- 1 AS when the Hebrew prophet raised  
     The brazen serpent high,  
     The wounded looked and straight were cured,  
         The people ceased to die ;
- 2 So, from the Saviour on the cross  
     A healing virtue flows ;  
     Who looks to Him with lively faith  
         Is saved from endless woes.
- 3 For God gave up His Son to death,  
     So generous was His love,  
     That all the faithful might enjoy  
         Eternal life above.
- 4 Not to condemn the sons of men  
     The Son of God appeared ;  
     No weapons in His hand are seen,  
         Nor voice of terror heard.

- 5 He came to raise our fallen state,  
And our lost hopes restore ;  
Faith leads us to the Mercy-seat,  
And bids us fear no more. Amen.

*Scotch Psalter.*

*Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.*

188.

- 1 HEAR, Holy Father, God of heaven,  
O hear Thy children's cry ;  
To us the promised Son is given,  
To us Thy peace is nigh ;  
For pardon and for faith in Thee  
We kneel before Thy throne ;  
On us the Almighty Spirit be,  
And seal us for Thine own !
- 2 When we were lost, and perishing,  
Thy arm subdued our foe ;  
The Saviour took from death its sting,  
From life its deepest woe.  
For all the hope Thy gracious word  
To penitence imparts,  
Thy praise be on our lips, O Lord,  
Thy gladness in our hearts.
- 3 Lord, may we know the gentle voice,  
That calls us to repent,  
In Thy salvation still rejoice,  
To Thee our sins lament ;  
To Thee in reverent thankfulness  
Our loud hosannas raise ;  
Our God for all His goodness bless,  
For all His glory praise. Amen.

## 189.

- 1 O GOD ! our fathers have declared,  
We to our listening sons have told,  
How Thine almighty arm was bared  
For their defence, in times of old.
- 2 In Salem's gate Thy name was known,  
Thy people's praise, the heathen's dread :  
For Zion's annals oft have shown  
Thy sheltering buckler o'er her spread.
- 3 And is Thy right arm shortened now ?  
Or doth Thine ear no longer hear  
Thy fainting Church's suppliant vow :—  
The dropping of her contrite tear ?
- 4 A host assaults her 'leaguered wall,  
More fierce than Rabshakeh's array :  
Yet all their wrath shall harmless fall  
If valiantly she watch and pray.
- 5 Make Thy rebuke, O God ! be heard ;  
That men may tremble and be still,  
Before the glory of Thy word ;  
Beneath the mystery of Thy will.
- 6 So Thee, the Father, Spirit, Son,  
One only God, in Persons Three,  
Earth's tribes shall own while time doth run  
And praise above, eternally. Amen.  
*W. E. Green.*

## 190.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Sion's hill ;  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !
- 3 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light !  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 4 The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad ;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God. Amen.

*I. Watts.**Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.*

## 191.

- 1 **O**UR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,  
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in semblance of a dove,  
With sheltering wings outspread,  
The holy balm of peace and love  
On earth to shed.

- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,  
   A gracious, willing guest,  
   While He can find one humble heart  
     Wherein to rest.
- 4 And His that gentle voice we hear,  
   Soft as the breath of even,  
   That checks each thought, that calms each fear,  
     And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,  
   And every victory won,  
   And every thought of holiness,  
     Are His alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,  
   Our weakness, pitying, see ;  
   Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
     And meet for Thee. Amen.

## 192.

- 1 **L**ORD ! whose love, in power excelling,  
   Washed the leper's stain away,  
   Jesus ! from Thy heavenly dwelling,  
     Hear us, help us, when we pray !
- 2 From the filth of vice and folly,  
   From infuriate passion's rage,  
   Evil thoughts and hopes unholy,  
     Heedless youth and selfish age ;

- 3 From the lusts whose deep pollutions  
Adam's ancient taint disclose,  
From the Tempter's dark intrusions,  
Restless doubt and blind repose ;
- 4 From the miser's cursèd treasure,  
From the drunkard's jest obscene,  
From the world, its pomp and pleasure,  
Jesus ! Master ! make us clean ! Amen.

*Bp. R. Heber.*

193.

- 1 O H ! for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free ;  
A heart that always feels Thy blood  
So freely spilt for me !—
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone ;—
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within ;—
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine,  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;  
   Come quickly from above ;  
   Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
   Thy new best name of love. Amen.

*C. Wesley.*

*Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.*

194.

- 1 O LORD, how happy should we be  
   If we could cast our care on Thee,  
     If we from self could rest,  
   And feel at heart that One above  
   In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
     Is working for the best !
- 2 How far from this our daily life,  
   Ever disturbed by anxious strife,  
     By sudden, wild alarms !  
   O could we but relinquish all  
   Our earthly props, and simply fall  
     On Thy almighty arms ;
- 3 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,  
   E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
     Then rise with lightened cheer,  
   Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
   To still the famished ravens' cry,  
     Will hear, in that we fear !

*J. Anstice.*

## 195.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands,  
To His sure truth and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands ;
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey ;—  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on ;  
Fix on His word thy stedfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care ;  
To Him commend thy cause ; His ear  
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Thy everlasting truth,  
Father, Thy ceaseless love,  
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows  
What best for each will prove.
- 6 When Thou arisest, Lord,  
Who shall Thy work withstand ?  
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,  
Who, who shall stay Thy hand ?

*P. Gerhardt. J. Wesley. (tr.)*

N

## 196.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace ;  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain ;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

*W. Cowper.*

197.

*Psalm XXXIV.*

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt His Name ;  
When in distress to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just ;  
Deliverance He affords to all  
Who on His succour trust.
- 4 O make but trial of His love !  
Experience will decide,  
How blest they are, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide.
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and ye will then  
Have nothing else to fear ;  
Make you His service your delight,  
Your wants shall be His care.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. Amen.

*New Version.*

## 198.

*O fortis, O clemens Deus.*

- 1 **O** GOD of our salvation, Lord,  
    Of wondrous power and love !  
May Faith, salvation's holy seed,  
    Be sent us from above.
- 2 'Tis Faith that gives us strength to fight  
    That we our foes may quell ;  
And with the shield of Faith we quench  
    The fiery darts of hell.
- 3 By Faith we make our prayers to Thee,  
    In that most holy Name,  
On which for mercy and for peace,  
    Hope rests her steadfast claim.
- 4 For that Name's sake assist us, Lord,  
    To run our heavenward race :  
And, oh, may no unholy life  
    Our holy faith disgrace. Amen.

*J. Chandler. (tr.)*

## 199.

*Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus.*

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, Who ever One  
    Art with the Father and the Son ;  
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess  
    With Thy full flood of holiness.
- 2 Let voice, mind, soul, and strength combine  
    To herald forth our creed divine ;  
And love so wrap our mortal frame,  
    That others catch the living flame.

- 3 Almighty Father, hear our cry  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most High,  
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,  
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

*Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.*

200.

- 1 O H, that the Lord would guide my ways,  
To keep His statutes still !  
Oh, that my God would grant me grace,  
To know and do His will !
- 2 O send Thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart !  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes,  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires, arise  
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in Thy commands ;  
'Tis a delightful road !  
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
Offend against my God. Amen.

*I. Watts.*

## 201.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,  
Let us in Thy Name agree :  
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace,  
Bid all strife for ever cease.
- 2 By Thy reconciling love,  
Every stumbling-block remove ;  
Each to each unite, endear ;  
Come, and spread Thy banner here !
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,  
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care,  
Each the other's burden bear,  
To Thy Church the pattern give,  
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide ;  
All the depths of love express,  
All the heights of holiness ! Amen.

*C. Wesley.*

## 202.

*Oh Fons amoris, Spiritus.*

- 1 O HOLY Spirit, Lord of grace,  
Eternal Source of love,  
Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts  
With fire from heaven above.

- 2 As Thou with holiest bonds dost join  
The Father and the Son,  
So fill Thy saints with mutual love,  
And link their hearts in one.
- 3 To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
Eternal glory be from man  
And from the angel-host. Amen.

*J. Chandler. (tr.)*

*Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.*

203.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above !  
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,  
O'er every thought and step preside !
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far  
From every sin and hurtful snare ;  
Lead to Thy word, that rules must give  
And teach us lessons how to live !
- 3 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy way !  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart !
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God !  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from his pastures stray !

- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
 In His enjoyment to be blest !  
 Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
 Where pleasure in perfection is ! Amen.

*S. Browne.*

## 204.

- 1 FAINT not, Christian, though the road  
 Leading to thy blest abode  
 Darksome be, and dangerous too ;  
 Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.
- 2 Faint not, Christian, though, in rage,  
 Satan would thy soul engage ;  
 Gird on faith's anointed shield,  
 Bear it to the battle-field.
- 3 Faint not, Christian, though the world  
 Hath its hostile flag unfurled ;  
 Hold the Cross of Jesus fast,  
 Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 4 Faint not, Christian, though within  
 Lurks a heart too prone to sin ;  
 Christ, the Lord, is over all,  
 Nor will suffer thee to fall.
- 5 Faint not, Christian, though the stream  
 Dark and fierce and dreadful seem ;  
 Angels wait to waft thee o'er  
 To the bright and blissful shore.

## 205.

- 1 LORD, Thy children guide and keep,  
As with feeble steps they press  
On the pathway rough and steep  
Through this weary wilderness.  
Holy Jesu, day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 2 There are stony ways to tread ;—  
Give the strength we sorely lack :  
There are tangled paths to thread ;—  
Light us, lest we miss the track.  
Holy Jesu, day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 3 There are sandy wastes that lie  
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,  
Where the feeble faint and die ;—  
Grant us grace to persevere.  
Holy Jesu, day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 4 There are soft and flowery glades  
Decked with golden-fruited trees,  
Sunny slopes, and scented shades ;—  
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.  
Holy Jesu, day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 5 Upward still to purer heights,  
Onward yet to scenes more blest,

Calmer regions, clearer lights,  
 Till we reach the promised rest.  
 Holy Jesu, day by day  
 Lead us in the narrow way. Amen.

*W. W. How.*

*Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.*

206.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
   With all Thy quickening powers,  
   Kindle a flame of sacred love  
   In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
   Fond of these earthly toys ;  
   Our souls how heavily they go  
   To reach eternal joys !
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
   In vain we strive to rise ;  
   Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
   And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
   At this poor dying rate ?  
   Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
   And Thine to us so great !
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
   With all Thy quickening powers !  
   Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
   And that shall kindle ours. Amen.

*I. Watts.\**

## 207.

- 1 LORD, may we never, save to One,  
In worship bow the knee ;  
And never may we, Lord, forego  
The worship due to Thee.
- 2 Though mammon should our hearts allure,  
Or glory with her guiles,  
Or pleasure should our homage claim,  
With fascinating smiles ;
- 3 Though friends should scoff with withering  
scorn,  
And bitter mockery,  
And faith, and holiness, and love,  
Reviled and martyred be ;
- 4 Though Satan, with his gilded pomps,  
Be by the world adored,  
And flaming furnaces await  
The servants of the Lord ;
- 5 Yet may we never, save to One,  
In worship bow the knee ;  
And never may we, Lord, forego  
The worship due to Thee !
- 6 Give us the martyr's faith and strength,  
And courage from above,  
To worship Thee, and Thee alone,  
With holy zeal and love. Amen.

*C. Wordsworth.*

## 208.

- 1 WHEN on the Cross Thy life-blood streamed,  
For us, O Lord, the price was paid ;  
From sin, hard taskmaster, redeemed,  
Thine were Thy people made.
- 2 Oh ! why then o'er Thine heritage  
Seems sin to claim his ancient power,  
Though flown is many a weary age,  
Since that dread, dying hour ?
- 3 That time, when Thou shalt claim Thine own,  
That time, when all shall be restored,  
When Thou shalt fill Thy judgment-throne,  
Haste Thou that time, O Lord !
- 4 Meanwhile till all things are renewed,  
Give us Thy Holy Spirit's sign,  
To be, when sin would fain intrude,  
An earnest we are Thine ?
- 5 Be this, 'midst Satan's host, our seal !  
And, by the blessed calm of love,  
By all sweet holy thoughts, reveal  
Our heritage above.
- 6 Let us in faith and patience wait,  
Till, Saviour, at the day of doom,  
Thine own shall share Thy regal state,  
On earth Thy kingdom come. Amen.

*J. Anstice.*

## 209.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office, wait,  
Observant of His heavenly word,  
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame ;  
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,  
For awful is His Name.
- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command ;  
And, while we speak, He's near ;  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,  
In such a posture found ;  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread  
With His own Royal hand ;  
And raise that faithful servant's head  
Amid the angelic band.
- 6\* All glory, Lord, to Thee,  
Whom heaven and earth adore ;  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God for evermore. Amen.

*P. Doddridge.*

## 210.

- 1 Lo, the feast is spread to-day;  
Jesus summons, come away !  
From the vanity of life,  
From the sounds of mirth or strife,  
To the feast by Jesus given,  
Come, and taste the bread of heaven.
  
- 2 Why, with proud excuse and vain,  
Spurn His mercy once again ?  
From amidst life's social ties,  
From the farm and merchandise,  
Come, for all is now prepared ;  
Freely given,—be freely shared.
  
- 3 Blessed are the lips that taste  
Our Redeemer's marriage-feast ;  
Blessèd, who on Him shall feed,  
Bread of life, and drink indeed ;  
Blessèd, for their thirst is o'er ;  
They shall never hunger more.
  
- 4 Make then once again your choice,  
Hear to-day His calling voice :  
Servants, do your Master's will ;  
Bidden guests His table fill !  
Come, before His wrath shall swear  
Ye shall never enter there.

*H. Alford.*

## 211.

- 1 THOU, who hast called us by Thy Word  
The marriage feast to share  
Of Thy dear Son, our only Lord,  
Thy bidden guests prepare !
- 2 No vain excuse we dare to make,  
Thy call we do not slight ;  
We come unworthy ; for His sake  
Help us to come aright!
- 3 The marriage garment we require  
Thyself to us impart,  
And with Thy precious gifts inspire  
A pure and thankful heart.
- 4 And Thou, to whom the Father's love  
The wedding guests has brought,  
Who ever helpest from above  
Those whom Thy blood has bought.
- 5 Lord of the feast ! our coming bless,  
And round our souls entwine  
The garment of Thy Righteousness,  
In which Thy saints shall shine. Amen.

*J. E. Bode.**Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.*

## 212.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on ;  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through His eternal Son.

- 2      Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
       And in His mighty power ;  
     Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
       Is more than conqueror.
- 3      Stand then in His great might,  
       With all His strength endued ;  
     But take, to arm you for the fight,  
       The panoply of God ;
- 4      That, having all things done,  
       And all your conflicts passed,  
     Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
       And stand entire at last.
- 5      From strength to strength go on ;  
       Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;  
     Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
       And win the well-fought day.    Amen.

*C. Wesley.*

### 213.

- 1      **O**FT in sorrow, oft in woe,  
       Onward, Christians, onward go ;  
     Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
       Strengthened with the Bread of Life.
- 2      Onward, Christians, onward go ;  
       Join the war, and face the foe ;  
     Faint not ! much doth yet remain ;  
       Dreary is the long campaign.

- 3 Shrink not, Christians ! will ye yield ?  
Will ye quit the painful field ?  
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?  
Know ye not your Captain's power ?
- 4 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;  
March, in heavenly armour clad ;  
Fight, nor think the battle long ;  
Victory soon shall tune your song.
- 5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry ;  
Let not woe your course impede ;  
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 6 Onward then to battle move ;  
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go.

*H. K. White & F. F. Maitland.\**

**214.**

- 1 OH ! happy is the man who hears  
Instruction's warning voice ;  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold ;  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than all the gain of gold.

O

194 *Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.*

- 3 She guides the young with innocence  
In pleasure's path to tread ;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as her labours rise,  
So her rewards increase ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.
- 5 \* To praise the Father and the Son,  
And Spirit all Divine,  
The One in Three, and Three in One,  
Let young and old combine. Amen.  
*J. Logan.*

*Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.*

215.

- 1 DEARER, Lord, Thy statutes far  
Than the world's best treasures are .  
Gold or honey I esteem  
Dross and dust compared with them.
- 2 Like a lamp, whene'er I stray,  
Shining bright upon my way,  
Let Thy pure and lively word  
Still its quickening light afford.
- 3 Humble, teachable, and mild,  
Meekly, like a little child,  
At my gracious Saviour's feet  
Let me take my daily seat.

- 4 Save, O save me, I am Thine,  
To Thy ways my heart incline ;  
Ever let Thy holy Word  
Light, and life, and peace afford. Amen.

216.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer  
To Thee our souls we lift ;  
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare  
For Thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth  
Along our path to flow ;  
We ask not undecaying health,  
Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honours, which an hour  
May bring and take away ;  
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,  
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for Wisdom : Lord, impart  
The knowledge how to live ;  
A wise and understanding heart  
To all before Thee give.
- ; O may the young be Thine in youth,  
Before the evil days,  
The old be guided by Thy Truth  
In wisdom's pleasant ways ! Amen.

*J. Montgomery.\**

## 217.

- 1 LET me be with Thee where Thou art,  
My Saviour, my eternal Rest !  
Then only will this longing heart  
Be fully and for ever blest !
- 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Thy unveiled glory to behold ;  
Then only will this wandering heart  
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold !
- 3 Let me with Thee where Thou art,  
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore ;  
Then only will this sinful heart  
Be evil and defiled no more !
- 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where none can die, where none remove ;  
There neither death nor life will part  
Me from Thy presence and Thy love !

*C. Elliott.*

## 218.

- 1 THE Lord of Might from Sinai's brow  
Gave forth His voice of thunder ;  
And Israel lay on earth below,  
Outstretched in fear and wonder :  
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,  
And at His left hand and His right  
The rocks were rent asunder.

- 2 The Lord of Love on Calvary,  
A meek and suffering stranger,  
Uptraised to heaven His languid eye  
In nature's hour of danger ;  
For us He bore the weight of woe,  
For us He gave His blood to flow,  
And met His Father's anger.
- 3 The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,  
The King of all created,  
Shall back return to claim His right  
On clouds of glory seated ;  
With trumpet-sound, and angel-song  
And hallelujahs loud and long,  
O'er death and hell defeated. Amen.

*Bp. R. Heber.*

219.

- 1 O H ! for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame !  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Return, O holy Dove ! return,  
Sweet messenger of rest !  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee !

- 4 So shall my walk be close with God,  
     Calm and serene my frame ;  
     So purer light shall mark the road  
         That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

*W. Cowper.*

220.

- 1 FRIENDS and parents lingered weeping  
     Round her body where it lay ;  
     Was she dead or only sleeping ?  
         Had the spirit left the clay ?
- 2 By her side the Saviour standeth ;  
     Minstrels, mourners, all have fled  
     (So the Lord of life commandeth)  
         From the chamber of the dead.
- 3 Gently now her hand He taketh,  
     Saith unto her, " Maid, arise ; "  
     Lo, she stirreth, she awaketh,  
         Fixeth on the Lord her eyes.
- 4 He the word divine hath spoken  
     Which both death and hell obey ;  
     He the captive's chain hath broken,  
         Spoiled the spoiler of his prey.
- 5 He shall by His Cross demolish  
     Sin's dominion, Satan's might,  
     Death and all his reign abolish,  
         Bring eternal life to light. Amen.

221.

*Psalm CXXXIX.*

- 1 **L**ORD, Thou hast known mine inmost mind,  
Thou dost my path and bed enclose ;  
My waking soul on Thee reclines ;  
On Thee my sleeping thoughts repose :  
Where from Thy presence can I fly ?  
Lord, ever present, ever nigh !
- 2 If to the highest heaven I climb,  
Or on the wings of morning soar,  
Thy dwelling-place salutes me there,  
Thy piercing eyes my steps explore :  
Where from Thy presence can I fly ?  
Lord, ever present, ever nigh !
- 3 And if, to hide the evil thought,  
To secret darkness I repair,  
A still small voice within me speaks,  
And tells that God is also there :  
Where from Thy presence can I fly ?  
Lord, ever present, ever nigh !

222.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, the Living Bread  
To feed the world hast given ;  
And now Thou ever praying art  
Upon the hills of heaven.
- 2 Thy Church is tost with waves,  
The night is drear and dark,  
A weary night to them who row  
In the storm-beaten bark.

3      But walking on the waves,  
       In the last watch of night,  
       Thou wilt appear, and in the gloom  
       Wilt shine with glorious light.

4      All swellings of the proud  
       Thou wilt beneath Thee beat ;  
       The billows of the world will be  
       A pavement for Thy feet.

5      And then, O Lord, Thy Church  
       In heavenly peace will be,  
       Securely anchored evermore  
       In the calm crystal sea. Amen.

*C. Wordsworth.*

### 223.

1      **O**N the mountain's top appearing,  
       Lo ! the sacred herald stands,  
       Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
       Zion long in hostile lands ;  
       Mourning captive !  
       God Himself will loose thy bands.

2      Has thy night been long and mournful ?  
       Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?  
       Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
       By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?  
       Cease thy mourning !  
       Zion still is well beloved !

- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;  
    He Himself appears thy friend ;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;  
    Here their boasts and triumphs end :  
        Great deliverance  
Zion's King vouchsafes to send !
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble ;  
    All thy wrongs shall be redress'd ;  
For thy shame thou shalt have double,  
    In Thy Maker's favour bless'd ;  
        All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest !   Amen.

*T. Kelly.**St. Andrew's Day.*

## 224.

- 1 O JESUS, Source of holiness !  
    In whom Thy servants live,  
All glory for Thy Saints to Thee,  
    Saviour of men, we give.
- 2 All glory for Thy chosen band,  
    To whom the charge was given,  
To publish peace from land to land,  
    And point the way to heaven.
- 3 All glory for Saint Andrew's faith,  
    Who sought Thy low abode,  
And, warmed by love, his brother led  
    To Thee, the Lamb of God.

- 4 For him we bless and praise Thy name,  
     And humbly pray that we,  
     Strong in Thy faith, may follow him,  
     As he, Lord, followed Thee.
- 5 To Thee, O Father ; Son, to Thee,  
     To Thee, O Spirit Blest,  
     Through endless ages glory be  
     By all Thy Church address. Amen.

*St. Thomas's Day.*

225.

- 1 O THOU, Who didst, with love untold,  
     Thy doubting servant chide,  
     And bad'st the eye of sense behold  
     Thy wounded Hands and Side.
- 2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,  
     To own Thee God and Lord,  
     And from his hour of darkness draw  
     A fuller faith's reward.
- 3 And while that wondrous record now  
     Of unbelief we hear,  
     Oh ! let us only lowlier bow  
     In self-distrusting fear ;
- 4 And pray that we may never dare  
     Thy Spirit so to grieve ;  
     But at the last their blessing share  
     Who see not, yet believe !

- 5 Our Lord and God, Eternal Son,  
    To Thee all glory be,  
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,  
    Through all eternity. Amen.

## 226.

- 1 WE walk by faith, and not by sight ;  
    No gracious words we hear  
From Him who spoke as never man ;  
    But we believe Him near.
- 2 We may not touch His Hands and Side,  
    Nor follow where He trod ;  
But in His promise we rejoice,  
    And cry " My Lord and God."
- 3 Help Thou, O Lord, our unbelief :  
    And may our faith abound,  
To call on Thee when Thou art near,  
    And seek where Thou art found :
- 4 That when our life of faith is done,  
    In realms of clearer light,  
We may behold Thee as Thou art  
    With full and endless sight.
- 5\* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
    The God Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
    And shall be evermore. Amen.

*H. Alford.*

## 227.

- 1 THE Spoiler fierce is lying low,  
The vanquisher is vanquishèd,  
And he who breathed forth death, is now  
Himself in noblest triumph led.
- 2 The ravening wolf of Benjamin  
At early morn went forth to slay ;  
But with the sheep, when eve comes in,  
He shall in peace divide the prey.
- 3 Her foe is now the Church's rock,  
A wolf no more, a lamb is he ;  
Himself he yieldeth for the flock :  
O Jesu, nought is hard with Thee !
- 4 Thy voice, O Lord, the mountain shakes,  
And all the trees that grow thereon ;  
From Thee it goeth forth, and breaks  
The cedars of proud Lebanon.
- 5 Good Shepherd, keep us as of old,  
The foe confound, the flock defend ;  
And, if we wander from Thy fold,  
Again to Thee our bosoms bend.
- 6 To God, the Three in One, be praise  
Supreme, and honour infinite ;  
Who to His glory's living rays,  
Hath called us from the dead of night.

Amen.

## 228.

- 1 THE great Apostle, called by grace,  
Weaned from all works beside,  
Preached the same faith he once abhorred  
And Christ whom he denied.
- 2 In perils and in troubles oft,  
His toilsome life he past ;  
But He who turned his heart at first,  
Upheld him to the last.
- 3 A chosen vessel of His will,  
He fought the fight of faith,  
And gained the crown of righteousness,  
Obedient unto death.
- 4 Thus, Lord of grace, to all Thy will  
Obedient may we be,  
And follow meekly in his steps,  
E'en as he followed Thee.
- 5\* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God Whom we adore,  
Be glory ; as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. Amen.

*H. Alford.*

## 229.

*Templi sacras, pande, Sion, fores.*

- 1 SION, ope thy hallowed dome ;  
To His Temple Christ is come :  
Lifeless shadows, haste away,  
Grace and Truth beam out to-day.
  - 2 Flocks and herds shall bleed no more ;  
Stanch'd the flood of reeking gore ;  
Lo ! He comes from Heaven above,  
Victim to His Father's Love.
  - 3 Lo ! the Virgin's downcast eye  
Owns His hidden Godhead nigh :  
Heavenly musings, all unheard,  
Meetly hail the silent Word ;
  - 4 Whilst to heaven her pious love  
Duly vows the sacred dove,  
And upon her bosom lies,  
More than dove-like Sacrifice.
  - 5 Aged Simeon sees at last  
Hopes foretold from ages past ;  
Anna doth the Presence own  
Yearning faith so long hath known.
  - 6 Glory be to Father, Son,  
And Blest Spirit, Three in One :  
Lord, on high to Thee we raise  
Faithful hearts in ceaseless praise. Amen.
- I. Williams. (tr.®)*

## 230.

*Exultet orbis gaudii.*

- 1 LET all on earth with songs rejoice,  
Let heaven return the exulting voice ;  
Let heaven and earth together raise  
The great Apostles' glorious praise.
- 2 Thou, at whose word they spread the light  
Of heavenly truth o'er heathen night,  
Lights of the world for evermore ;  
Their light, O Lord, around us pour.
- 3 Thou, at whose will to them 'twas given  
To bind or loose in earth or heaven ;  
Our chains unbind, our sins remove,  
And lift our souls to things above.
- 4 Thou, in whose might they spake the word,  
Which cured disease, and health restored ;  
To us its healing power prolong,  
Support the weak, confirm the strong.
- 5 And when Thou, Lord, again shalt come  
To speak the world's unerring doom—  
O then with them pronounce us blest,  
And place us in Thine endless rest.
- 6 To Thee, O Father ! Son, to Thee !  
To Thee, blest Spirit ! glory be ;  
As ever was in ages past,  
And shall be still while ages last. Amen.

*Bp. R. Mant. (tr.)*

231.

- 1 PRAISE we the Lord this day,  
This day so long foretold,  
Whose promise shone with cheering ray  
On waiting saints of old.
- 2 The Prophet gave the sign  
For faithful men to read ;  
A Virgin, born of David's line,  
Shall bear the promised Seed.
- 3 Ask not how this should be,  
But worship and adore ;  
Like her, whom heaven's Majesty  
Came down to shadow o'er.
- 4 Meekly she bowed her head  
To hear the gracious word ;  
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,  
The favoured of the Lord.
- 5 Blessèd shall be her name  
In all the Church on earth,  
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,  
The Incarnate Saviour's birth.
- 6 Jesu, the Virgin's Son,  
We praise Thee and adore,  
Who art with God the Father One,  
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

232.

- 1 VIRGIN-born ! we bow before Thee ;  
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee !  
Mary, mother meek and mild,  
Blessed was she in her Child !
- 2 Blessed was the breast that fed Thee !  
Blessed was the hand that led Thee !  
Blessed was the parent's eye  
That watched Thy slumbering infancy !
- 3 Blessed she, by all creation,  
Who brought forth the world's Salvation !  
And blessed they, for ever blest,  
Who love Thee most and serve Thee best !
- 4 Virgin-born ! we bow before Thee !  
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee !  
Mary, mother meek and mild,  
Blessed was she in her Child !

*Bp. R. Heber.*

*St. Mark's Day.*

233.

*Christi perennes nuntii.*

- 1 CHRIST'S everlasting messengers,  
Who from the opening skies,  
Traverse the earth in showers of light,  
And sow with mysteries !
- 2 The things discerned by seers of old,  
Behind the shadowy screen,  
In the full day have ye beheld,  
With not a veil between.

P

- 3 The things which God as Man hath borne,  
Which Man as God hath done,  
Ye write, as God dictates, to all  
Who see the circling sun.
- 4 Though far in space and time apart,  
One Spirit sways you all ;  
And we in those blest characters,  
Hear now that living call.
- 5 Glory to God, the Three in One ;  
All glory be to Thee,  
Who from our darkness callest us  
Thy glorious light to see. Amen.

*J. Williams. (tr.)*

*St. Philip & St. James's Day.*

234.

- 1 O JESU Lord, the Way, the Truth,  
The Life, the Crown of all  
Who here on earth confess Thy Name ;  
O hear us when we call !
- 2 We bring to mind with grateful joy  
Thy servants who of old  
Withstood the snares of earth and hell,  
And now Thy face behold ;
- 3 Who sought on earth the joys of prayer,  
And that communion knew,  
Which saints and angels share above  
With those who seek it too.

- 4 Vouchsafe us, Lord, we pray Thee now,  
To us it may be given,  
Like them to live and die in Thee,  
And with Thee rise to heaven.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. Amen.

*St. Barnabas' Day.*

235.

- 1 BRIGHTLY did the light divine  
From his words and actions shine,  
Whom the Twelve, with love unblamed,  
“Son of Consolation” named.
- 2 Full of peace and lively joy,  
Sped he on his high employ :  
By his mild exhorting word,  
Adding many to the Lord.
- 3 Blessed Spirit, Who didst call  
Barnabas and holy Paul,  
And didst them with gifts endue,  
Mighty words and wisdom true ;
- 4 Grant us, Lord of Life, to be,  
By their pattern, full of Thee ;  
That beside them we may stand  
In that day, on Thy right hand.

P 2

**5\*** Glory be to God above,  
 Fountain of eternal love ;  
 To the Father, and the Son,  
 And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.  
*H. Alford.*

*St. John the Baptist's Day.*

## 236.

- 1 **W**HEN Christ the Lord would come on earth  
 His messenger before Him went,  
 The greatest born of mortal birth,  
 And charged with words of deep intent.
  - 2 The least of all that here attend  
 Hath honour greater far than he ;  
 He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,  
 His Body and his Spouse are we.
  - 3 A higher race, the sons of light,  
 Of water and the Spirit born ;  
 He the last star of parting night,  
 And we the children of the morn.
  - 4 And, as he boldly spake Thy word,  
 And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
 Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord !  
 And thus Thy hearing Church rejoice.
  - 5\* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom heaven and earth adore,  
 Be glory from the angel host  
 And all mankind for evermore. Amen.
- H. Alford.*

## 237.

*Nunc suis tandem novus e latebris.*

- 1 **L**O ! from the desert homes  
Where he hath hid so long,  
The new Elias comes,  
In sternest wisdom strong ;  
The voice that cries  
Of Christ from high,  
And judgment nigh  
From opening skies.
- 2 Your God e'en now doth stand  
Within heaven's opening door,  
His fan is in His hand,  
And He will purge His floor ;  
The wheat He claims,  
And with Him stows ;  
The chaff He throws  
To quenchless flames.
- 3 Ye haughty mountains, bow  
Your sky-aspiring heads ;  
Ye valleys, bowing low,  
Lift up your gentle meads ;  
Make His way plain  
Your King before,  
For evermore  
He comes to reign.
- 4 Let Thy dread voice around,  
Thou harbinger of Light,  
On our dull ears still sound  
Lest here we sleep in night,

Till Judgment come,  
And on our path  
Shall burst the wrath,  
And deathless doom.

- 5 O God, with love's sweet might,  
Do Thou anoint and arm  
Christ's soldier for the fight  
With spells that shield from harm.  
Thrice blessed Three,  
Heaven's endless days  
Shall sing Thy praise  
Eternally. Amen.

*I. Williams. (tr.)*

## 238.

- 1 CREATOR of the rolling flood !  
On whom Thy people hope alone,  
Who cam'st by Water and by Blood,  
For man's offences to atone :
- 2 Who from the labours of the deep  
Did'st set Thy servant Peter free,  
To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,  
And build an endless Church for Thee ;
- 3 Grant us, devoid of worldly care,  
And leaning on Thy bounteous hand,  
To seek Thy help in humble prayer,  
And on Thy sacred Rock to stand.

- 4 And when our live-long toil to crown,  
Thy call shall set the spirit free,  
To cast with joy our burden down,  
And rise, O Lord, and follow Thee.
- 5\* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven and earth adore,  
From men and from the angel host  
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.  
*Bp. R. Heber.*

*St. James's Day.*

## 239.

- 1 OH what, if we are Christ's,  
Is earthly shame or loss ?  
Bright shall the crown of glory be,  
When we have borne the cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,  
Bitter the cup of woe,  
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,  
Christ's sufferings shared below.
- 3 Bright is their glory now,  
Boundless their joy above,  
Where, on the bosom of their God,  
They rest in perfect love.
- 4 Lord ! may that grace be ours,  
Like them in faith to bear  
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,  
May be our portion here.

- 5      Enough, if Thou at last  
       The word of blessing give,  
       And let us rest beneath Thy feet,  
       Where Saints and Angels live.
- 6      All glory, Lord, to Thee,  
       Whom heaven and earth adore ;  
       To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
       One God for evermore. Amen.

*Sir H. W. Baker.*

*St. Bartholomew's Day.*

240.

- 1      BLESSED are they whose hearts are pure,  
       From guile their spirits free ;  
       To them shall God reveal Himself,  
       They shall His glory see.
- 2      Their simple souls upon His word,  
       In fullest light of love,  
       Place all their trust, and ask no more  
       Than guidance from above :
- 3      Who in meek faith unmixed with doubt  
       The engrafted word receive,  
       Whom the first sign of heavenly power  
       Persuades, and they believe :
- 4      They, as they walk the painful world,  
       See hidden glories rise ;  
       Our God the sunshine of His love  
       Unfolds before their eyes.

5 For them far greater things than these  
Doth Christ the Lord prepare ;  
Whose bliss no heart of man can reach,  
No human voice declare.

6\* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. Amen.

*H. Alford.*

*St. Matthew's Day.*

## 24 I.

- 1 JESUS calls us o'er the tumult  
Of the world's wild restless sea :  
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, Christian, follow Me.
- 2 Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store,  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, Christian, love Me more.
- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls in cares and pleasures,  
Christian, love Me more than these.
- 4 Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

5\* Glory be to God the Father,  
 Glory be to God the Son,  
 Glory be to God the Spirit,  
 Co-eternal Three in One. Amen.

*St. Michael & All Angels.*

## 242.

- 1 AROUND the throne of God a band  
 Of bright and glorious Angels stand ;  
 Sweet harps within their hands they hold,  
 And on their heads are crowns of gold.
  - 2 Some wait around Him, ready still  
 To sing His praise and do His will ;  
 And some, when He commands them, go  
 To guard His servants here below.
  - 3 Lord, give Thy Angels every day  
 Command to guide us on our way,  
 And bid them every evening keep  
 Their watch around us while we sleep.
  - 4 So shall no wicked thing draw near,  
 To do us harm, or cause us fear,  
 And we shall dwell, when life is past,  
 With Angels round Thy throne at last.
  - 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.
- J. M. Neale.\**

## 243.

- 1    **T**HINE Angels, Christ! we laud in solemn  
lays,  
Our elder brethren of the crystal sky,  
Who, 'mid Thy glory's blaze,  
The ceaseless anthem raise,  
And gird Thy throne in faithful ministry.
- 2    We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing  
Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,  
The mercies of their King  
To mortal saints to bring,  
Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.
- 3    But Thee, the First and Last, we glorify,  
Who, when Thy world was sunk in death and  
sin,  
Not with Thine hierarchy,  
The armies of the sky,  
But didst with Thine own arm the battle win.
- 4    Therefore, with Angels and Archangels, we  
To Thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,  
And tune our songs to Thee  
Who art, and art to be,  
And endless as Thy mercies sound Thy praise.

*Bp. R. Heber.**St. Luke's Day.*

## 244.

- 1    **L**IFT high the song of praise  
For him whose holy pen  
Gave down the hymns of other days  
To glad the sons of men !

- 2 "Glory to God on high,  
     And peace upon the earth,  
     Goodwill to men," be now proclaimed,  
         As at the Saviour's birth.
- 3 "The Lord to magnify,  
     Be lifted every voice,  
     And in our God and Saviour,  
         Let every soul rejoice.
- 4 "With benedictions high  
     Let Israel's God be praised ;  
     Who hath salvation's mighty horn  
         Up for His people raised."
- 5 And when around our path  
     The call of death is heard,  
     "Lord, let Thou us depart in peace,  
         According to Thy word."
- 6\* To God the Father, Son,  
     And Holy Ghost be given  
     Eternal praise by saints on earth,  
         And angel choirs in heaven. Amen.

*H. Alford.*

*St. Simon & St. Jude.*

245.

- 1 LET the Church of God rejoice  
     For the Apostles' fostering care,  
     For the sounding of their voice,  
         For their preaching and their prayer ;

- 2 Whom the Lord our God did choose  
To the farthest lands to go :  
Whom the Husbandman did use  
Holiest seed on earth to sow.
- 3 In the New Jerusalem  
Twelve foundations firm are laid :  
On the Apostles of the Lamb  
Is the glorious building stayed.
- 4 Firmly built on them, may we,  
Bound to Christ our Corner-stone,  
In the heavenly temple be  
One in heart, in doctrine one.
- 5\* God the Father, God the Son,  
God the Holy Ghost we bless ;  
Persons Three in Godhead One,  
We with faithful heart confess. Amen.  
*H. Alford.*

*All Saints' Day.*

## 246.

*Celestis O Jerusalem.*

- 1 JERUSALEM, the holy !  
That ever shalt abide :  
Within thy walls, thrice happy  
Who, citizens, reside.
- 2 Thou home of peace eternal,  
The saints' belovèd rest ;  
Seat of divine fruition ;  
Throne of the King all-blest.

- 3 God there in glory reigneth,  
The Fount of all delight :  
The Lamb in splendour shineth ;  
Nor sets that Sun in night.
- 4 Those mansions, who attaineth  
Hath undisturbed repose :  
The praise of God for ever,  
The only toil he knows.
- 5 Our hope doth there invite us :  
Our vows all thither tend :  
Brief labour shall not fright us  
From joys that never end.
- 6 Sun of our native country,  
All glory be to Thee ;  
All glory to the Father,  
And Spirit endlessly. Amen.

*W. E. Green. (tr.)*

### 247.

- 1 HOW bright these glorious spirits shine !  
Whence all their white array ?  
How came they to the blissful seats  
Of everlasting day ?
- 2 Lo ! these are they from sufferings great  
Who came to realms of light ;  
And in the blood of Christ have washed  
Those robes which shine so bright.

- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand  
Before the throne on high,  
And serve the God they love, amidst  
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,  
Tunes every mouth to sing ;  
By day, by night, the sacred courts  
With glad hosannas ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
Nor suns with scorching ray ;  
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams  
Diffuse eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb, which dwells amidst the throne,  
Shall o'er them still preside,  
Feed them with nourishment divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,  
Where living streams appear ;  
And God the Lord from every eye  
Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

*I. Watts & W. Cameron.*

### 248.

- 1 **W**HAT are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar, night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song ?  
“Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
New dominion every hour.”

- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;  
These from great affliction came ;  
Now, before the Throne of God,  
Sealed with His Almighty Name,  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed ;  
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne  
Shall to living fountains lead :  
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
Perfect love dispels all fear ;  
And for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away the tear. Amen.  
*J. Montgomery.*

J. Montgomery.

249

- 1 O GOD, in whom the happy dead  
Yet live, united to their Head,  
Their Lord and ours the same ;  
For all Thy saints, to memory dear,  
Departed in Thy faith and fear,  
We bless Thy holy Name.

2 By the same grace upheld, may we  
So follow those who followed Thee,  
As with them to partake  
The free reward of heavenly bliss :  
Merciful Father, grant us this  
For our Redeemer's sake. Amen.

J. Conder.

*HYMNS FOR VARIOUS TIMES  
AND SEASONS.*

*Morning.*

**250.**

[*Advent.*]

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies ;  
Christ, the true, the only Light ;  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night !  
Day-Spring from on high be near !  
Day-Star, in my heart appear !
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by Thee ;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;  
Till they inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;  
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,  
Scatter all my unbelief ;  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day ! Amen.

*C. Wesley.*

**Q**

251.

[*Christmas & Epiphany.*]

- 1 **DAY-SPRING** of eternity !  
     Hide no more Thy radiant dawning !  
     Light from Light's exhaustless sea  
         Shine on us afresh this morning !  
     And dispel with glorious might  
         All our night.
- 2 Let Thy mercies' morning dew  
     Rouse our conscience from its blindness ;  
     Gladden life's dry plains anew  
         With the rivers of Thy kindness ;  
     Water daily us Thy flock  
         From the Rock.
- 3 Let the glow of love destroy  
     Cold obedience faintly given,  
     Wake our hearts to love and joy  
         With the flushing eastern heaven ;  
     Let us truly rise ere yet  
         Life hath set.
- 4 Brightest Star of eastern skies !  
     Grant that at Thy last appearing  
     These frail bodies may arise,  
         Joyfully Thy summons hearing,  
     Strong their heavenward course to run  
         As the sun.

- 5 Through this dark and tearful place  
    Never be Thy light denied us ;  
O Thou glorious Sun of grace,  
    To yon world of gladness guide us,  
When to joys that never end  
    We ascend ! Amen.  
*Von Rosenroth. C. Winkworth. (tr.)*

## 252.

[Septuagesima &amp; Lent.]

*Jam lucis orto sidere.*

- 1 NOW that the daylight fills the sky,  
    We lift our hearts to God on high,  
That He, in all we do or say,  
    Would keep us free from harm to-day :
- 2 Would keep our inmost conscience pure,  
    Our souls from folly would secure ;  
From all ill sights would turn our eyes,  
    And close our ears from vanities.
- 3 So we, when this new day is done,  
    And night in turn is stealing on,  
With conscience by the world unstained,  
    Shall praise His Name for victory gained.
- 4 O Father ! that we ask be done,  
    Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son ;  
Who with the Holy Ghost and Thee  
    Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

Q 2

## 253.

[*Lent.*]*O Sol salutis intimis.*

- 1 THE darkness fleets, and joyful earth  
    Welcomes the new-born day ;  
Jesu, true Sun of human souls !  
    Shed in our souls Thy ray.
- 2 Thou, who dost give the accepted time,  
    Give tears to purify,  
Give flames of love to burn our hearts,  
    As victims unto Thee.
- 3 That fountain, whence our sins have flowed,  
    Shall soon in tears distil,  
If but Thy penitential grace  
    Subdue the stubborn will.
- 4 Lo ! day returns, Thy own blest day,  
    All things to joy awake ;  
Oh may we, to Thy paths restored,  
    In nature's joy partake.
- 5 Eternal Trinity ! to Thee  
    Let earth's vast fabric bend ;  
While evermore, from souls renewed,  
    New hymns of praise ascend. Amen.

*E. Caswall. (tr.)*

## 254.

[*Easter.*]*Ad tempa nos rursus vocat.*

- 1 NOW morning lifts her dewy veil,  
    With new-born blessings crowned :  
Oh, haste we then her light to hail  
    In courts of holy ground !

- 2 But Christ, triumphant o'er the grave,  
Shines more divinely bright :  
Oh, sing we then His power to save,  
And walk we in His light !
- 3 When from the swaddling bands of shade  
Sprang forth the world so fair,  
In robes of brilliancy arrayed,  
What Power Divine was there !
- 4 When He, who gave His guiltless Son  
A guilty world to spare,  
Restored to life the Holy One,  
What Love Divine was there !
- 5 When forth from its Creator's hand,  
The earth in beauty stood,  
All decked with light at His command,  
He saw, and called it good :
- 6 But still more lovely in His sight  
The Church now stands renewed,  
Since He, the Lamb, hath made it white  
In His atoning Blood.
- 7 O, Holy, Blessed Three in One,  
May Thy pure light be given,  
That we the paths of death may shun,  
And keep the way to heaven. Amen  
*I. Williams & J. Chandler. (trs. \*)*

## 255.

[*Ascension & Whitsuntide.**Splendor Paternæ Glorie.*

- 1 O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,  
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's Face,  
Thou Fountain of eternal light,  
Whose beams disperse the shades of night !
- 2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,  
Shower down Thy radiance from above,  
And to our inward hearts convey  
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray !
- 3 And we the Father's help will claim,  
And sing the Father's glorious Name ;  
His powerful succour we implore,  
That we may stand, to fall no more.
- 4 May He our actions deign to bless,  
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;  
From sudden falls our feet defend,  
And bring us to a prosperous end !
- 5 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;  
May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be joy and peace !
- 6 O hallowed be the approaching day,  
Let meekness be our morning ray ;  
And faithful love our noonday light ;  
And hope our sunset, calm and bright ! Amen.

*St. Ambrose. J. Chandler. (tr.)*

**256.***[After Trinity.]*

- 1 THREE in One and One in Three,  
Ruler of the earth and sea,  
Hear us, while we lift to Thee  
Holy chant and psalm.
- 2 Light of lights ! with morning, shine ;  
Lift on us Thy Light divine ;  
And let Charity benign  
Breathe on us her balm.
- 3 Light of lights ! when falls the even,  
Let it close on sin forgiven ;  
Fold us in the peace of Heaven,  
Shed a holy calm.
- 4 Three in One and One in Three,  
Dimly here we worship Thee :  
With the Saints hereafter we  
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

**257.**

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,  
And live this day as if thy last ;  
Improve thy talent with due care,  
For the great day thyself prepare.

- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noonday clear ;  
Think how all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praise to the Eternal King.

**PART 2.**

- 5 All praise to Thee Who safe hast kept  
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake.
- 6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,  
Disperse my sins as morning dew ; .  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 7 Direct, control, suggest this day  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, angelic host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

*Bp. T. Ken.*

## 258.

- 1 FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labour to pursue,  
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,  
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned  
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;  
In all my works Thy presence find,  
And prove Thine acceptable will.
- 3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,  
And hide my simple heart above,  
Above the thorns of choking care,  
The gilded baits of worldly love.
- 4 Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,  
And labour on at Thy command,  
And offer all my works to Thee.
- 5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray ;  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious day :
- 6 For Thee delightfully employ  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Amen.

*C. Wesley.*

## 259.

*Psalm V.*

- 1 LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear  
     My voice ascending high ;  
     To Thee will I direct my prayer,  
     To Thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Oft to Thy house will I resort,  
     To taste Thy mercies there ;  
     I will frequent Thine holy court,  
     And worship in Thy fear.
- 3 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet  
     In ways of righteousness ;  
     Make every path of duty straight  
     And plain before my face. Amen.

*I. Watts.\***Morning or Evening.*

## 260.

- 1 MY God, how endless is Thy love !  
     Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
     And morning mercies from above  
     Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,  
     Great Guardian of my sleeping hours !  
     Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
     And quickens all my drowsy powers !
- 3 I yield my powers to Thy command ;  
     To Thee I consecrate my days ;  
     Perpetual blessings from Thy hand  
     Demand perpetual songs of praise !

*I. Watts.*

## 261.

[*Advent.*]

- 1 THE day is past and gone ;  
Great God, we bow to Thee ;  
Again, as shades of night come on,  
Unto Thy side we flee.
- 2 Oh, when shall that day come,  
Ne'er sinking in the west,  
That country, and that holy home,  
Where none shall break our rest ?
- 3 Where all things shall be peace  
And joyaunce without end,  
And golden harps that never cease,  
With echoing lips shall blend ?
- 4 So we, preserved beneath  
The sheltering of Thy wing,  
For evermore Thy praise shall breathe,  
And love Thee, Lord, and sing.
- 5 To God the Sire be praise,  
And to the Eternal Son,  
And to the Holy Ghost always ;  
Co-equal Three in One. Amen.

## 262.

[*Christmas.*]

- 1 O BRIGHTNESS of the Immortal Father's  
Face,  
Most Holy, Heavenly, Bless'd,  
Lord Jesus Christ, in whom His truth and grace  
Are visibly express'd.

- 2 The sun is sinking now, and one by one  
     The lights of evening shine :  
     We hymn the Eternal Father, and the Son,  
         And Holy Ghost Divine.
- 3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive  
     Our hallowed praises, Lord :  
     O Son of God, be Thóu, in whom we live,  
         Through all the world adored. Amen.  
*Athenogenes. E. W. Eddis. (tr.)*

## 263.

[*Epiphany.*]

- 1 THE day, O Lord, is spent ;  
     Abide with us, and rest ;  
     Our hearts' desires are fully bent  
         On making Thee our guest.
- 2 We have not reached that land,  
     That happy land, as yet,  
     Where holy angels round Thee stand,  
         Whose sun can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now ;  
     Our day is almost o'er :  
     O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou  
         Shine on us evermore ! Amen.

*J. M. Neale.*

## 264.

[*Septuagesima & Lent.**Oh Splendor eterni Patris.*

- 1 THOU Brightness of Thy Father's face,  
Thou Sun of heavenly day,  
Thou Christ, whose gracious beams remove  
The soul's dark shades away !
- 2 The sun is sunk ; the shadowy night  
Is reigning in his room ;  
Continue, Lord, Thy saving help,  
And keep us through the gloom
- 3 What though our eyes be sunk in sleep,  
To Thee our hearts ascend :  
Do Thou, with Thine Almighty hand  
Thy loving saints defend.
- 4 Oh Thou Who art our only hope,  
Thy help we humbly crave,  
Defend Thy blood-bought people, Lord,  
Whom Jesus died to save.
- 5 To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
All glory be from saints on earth,  
And from the angel-host. Amen.

*J. Chandler. (tr.)*

## 265.

[*Passion-tide.*

- 1 HE sun is sinking fast,  
The daylight dies ;  
Let love awake, and pay  
Her evening sacrifice.

- 2 As Christ upon the Cross  
His head inclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resigned ;
  
- 3 So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In Whom all spirits live ;
  
- 4 So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast ;
  
- 5 Save that His Will be done,  
Whate'er betide ;  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.
  
- 6 Thus would I live ; yet now  
Not I, but He  
In all His power and love  
Henceforth alive in me :
  
- 7 One sacred Trinity !  
One Lord Divine !  
Myself for ever His,  
And He for ever mine. Amen.

## 266.

[*Easter.*]*Lucis Creator optime.*

- 1 **SOURCE** of light and life divine,  
Thou didst cause the light to shine ;  
Thou didst bring Thy sunbeams forth  
O'er the new created earth.
- 2 Shade of night, and morning ray,  
Took from Thee the name of day ;  
Now again the shades are nigh,  
Listen to our suppliant cry.
- 3 May we ne'er, by guilt oppressed,  
Lose the way to endless rest ;  
May no thoughts impure and vain  
Draw our souls to earth again.
- 4 Rather lift them to the skies,  
Where our much-loved treasure lies,  
Help us in our daily strife,  
Lead us in the way of life.
- 5 Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One !  
Praise and glory be to Thee  
Now and for eternity. Amen.

*St. Ambrose.**J. Chandler. (tr.\*)*

## 267.

[*Ascension & Whitsuntide.**Jam sol recedit igneus.*

- 1 NOW sinks in night the flaming sun ;  
     O Thou, our everlasting day,  
     Thrice holy Godhead, Three in One,  
     Thy brightness to our hearts display :  
     To Thee we hymn the morning lay,  
     To Thee our evening vows are given ;  
     Grant us, as here to Thee we pray,  
     To praise Thee in the courts of heaven.
- 2 No shadows there, nor clouds impede  
     The view with visions of affright :  
     Nor sun nor moon those mansions need,  
     The Lamb is their perpetual Light.  
     O, yet unseen by mortal sight,  
     May in our souls that scene endure,  
     That we, through hope of that delight,  
     May purer grow as Thou art pure.
- 3 And when the day shall come, that we  
     Shall know no more, as now, in part  
     May we unveiled Thy presence see,  
     Be like, and know Thee as Thou art :  
     And evermore with voice and heart  
     Join concert with Thy heavenly host,  
     And bear, in praising Thee, our part,  
     Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

*Bp. R. Mant. (tr.)*

## 268.

*[After Trinity.]*

- 1 GOD the Father, be Thou near,  
Save from every harm to-night,  
Make us all Thy children dear,  
In the darkness be our Light.
- 2 God the Saviour, be our Peace,  
Put away our sins to-night ;  
Speak the word of full release,  
Turn our darkness into light.
- 3 Holy Spirit, deign to come,  
Sanctify us all to-night ;  
In our hearts prepare Thy home,  
Then our darkness shall be light.
- 4 Holy Trinity, be nigh,  
Mystery of love adored !  
Help to live, and help to die,—  
Lighten all our darkness, Lord ! Amen.

## 269.

*[After Trinity.]*

- 1 FATHER ! by Thy love and power  
Comes again the evening hour :  
Light has vanished, labours cease,  
Weary creatures rest in peace.  
  
Thou, whose genial dews distil  
On the lowliest weed that grows,  
Father, guard our couch from ill,  
Lull Thy creatures to repose :  
  
We to Thee ourselves resign ;  
Let our latest thoughts be Thine !

R

- 2 Saviour ! to Thy Father bear  
 This our feeble evening prayer—  
 Thou hast seen how oft to-day  
 We like sheep have gone astray ;  
 Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,  
 Wishes to Thy cross untrue,  
 Secret faults and undescried,  
 Meet Thy spirit-piercing view.  
 Blessed Saviour ! yet through Thee  
 Pray that these may pardoned be.
- 3 Holy Spirit ! breath of balm !  
 Fall on us in evening's calm :  
 Yet awhile, before we sleep,  
 We with Thee will vigil keep :  
 Lead us on our sins to muse,  
 Give us truest penitence ;  
 Then the love of God infuse,  
 Breathing humble confidence ;  
 Melt our spirits, mould our will,  
 Soften, strengthen, comfort still !
- 4 Blessed Trinity, be near  
 Through the hours of darkness drear,  
 When the help of man is far,  
 Ye more clearly present are :  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Watch o'er our defenceless head,  
 Let Your angels' guardian host  
 Keep all evil from our bed,  
 Till the flood of morning rays  
 Wakes us to a song of praise. Amen.

*J. Anstice.*

## 270.

- 1 **S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near ;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live ,  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take ;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in Heaven above. Amen.

*J. Keble.*

## 271.

- 1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light !  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine Own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
To die, that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose ;  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake !
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No power of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below !  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ! Amen.

*Bp. T. Ken.*

## 272.

- 1 ABIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide ;  
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;  
Change and decay in all around I see ;  
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power ?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with  
me.
- 4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;  
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory ?  
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the  
skies ;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee ;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

*H. F. Lyte.*

## 273.

- 1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;  
Thy word into our minds instil ;  
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
With lowly love and fervent will.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,  
And Thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won.  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release ;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,  
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,  
And simple hearts without alloy  
That only long to be like Thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;

O let Thy mercy make us glad ;  
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. Amen.

*F. W. Faber.*

## 274.

1 GOD, that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light ;  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night ;  
May Thine angel guards defend us !  
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us !  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This live-long night ! Amen.

*Bp. R. Heber.*

## 275.

1 THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us,  
Now we lay us down to rest ;  
Through the silent watches guard us !  
Let no foe our peace molest !  
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be !  
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers  
Dwelling in the midst of foes ;  
Us and ours preserve from dangers ;  
In Thine arms may we repose !  
And, when life's sad day is past  
Rest with Thee in Heaven at last ! Amen.

*T. Kelly.*

## 276.

[Morning.]

*Die dierum principe.*

- 1 MORN of morns, and day of days !  
Silent as the morning rays,  
From the sepulchre's dark prison,  
Christ, the Light of lights, hath risen.
- 2 He commanded, and His word  
Death and the dread chaos heard ;  
O shall we, more deaf than they,  
In the chains of darkness stay ?
- 3 While the dead world sleeps around,  
Let the sacred temples sound  
Law, and prophet, and blest psalm,  
Lit with holy light so calm.
- 4 Thus to hearts in slumber weak  
Let the heavenly trumpet speak ;  
And, like streaks of early morn  
New ways mark the newly born.
- 5 Grant us this, and with us be,  
O Thou Fount of charity !  
Thou Who dost the Spirit give,  
Bidding the dead letter live.
- 6 Glory to the Father, Son,  
And to Thee, the Holy One,  
By Whose quickening Breath divine  
Our dull spirits burn and shine. Amen.

*I. Williams. (tr.)*

## 277.

- 1 **T**HIS day the light, of heavenly birth,  
First streamed upon the new-born earth ;  
O Lord, this day upon us shine,  
And fill our souls with light divine.
- 2 This day the Saviour left the grave,  
And rose, omnipotent to save ;  
O Jesu, may we raised be  
From death of sin to life in Thee.
- 3 This day the Holy Spirit came  
With fiery tongues of cloven flame :  
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day  
With grace to hear and grace to pray.
- 4 O day of light, and life, and grace,  
From earthly toils sweet resting-place !  
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,  
Give we again to God above. Amen.

## 278.

- 1 **T**HE day of rest once more comes round,  
A day to all believers dear ;  
The silver trumpets seem to sound,  
That call the tribes of Israel near :  
    Ye people all,  
    Obey the call,  
    And in Jehovah's courts appear.

- 2 Obedient to Thy summons, Lord,  
     We to Thy sanctuary come ;  
     Thy gracious presence here afford,  
         And send Thy people joyful home ;  
         Of Thee our King,  
         Oh ! may we sing,  
     And none with such a theme be dumb !
- 3 Oh ! hasten, Lord, the day when those,  
     Who know Thee here, shall see Thy face ;  
     When suffering shall for ever close,]  
         And they shall reach their destined place :  
         Then shall they rest  
         Supremely blest,  
     Eternal debtors to Thy grace ! Amen.

*J. Kelly.*

### 279.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made :  
     He calls the hours His own ;  
     Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
         And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,  
     And Satan's empire fell ;  
     To-day the saints His triumphs spread,  
         And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,  
     To David's holy Son ;  
     Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring  
         Salvation from the throne.

- 4 Blest be the Lord, Who comes to men  
With messages of grace—  
Who comes in God His Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise !  
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,  
Shall give Him nobler praise. Amen.

*J. Watts.*

## 280.

*Psalm LXXXI.*

- 1 SING to the Lord, our might,  
With holy fervour sing ;  
Let hearts and instruments unite  
To praise our heavenly King.
- 2 This is His holy house,  
And this His festal day,  
When He accepts the humblest vows  
That we sincerely pay.
- 3 The Sabbath to our sires  
In mercy first was given ;  
The Church her Sabbaths still requires  
To speed her on to heaven.
- 4 We still, like them of old,  
Are in the wilderness ;  
And God is still as near His fold,  
To pity and to bless.

- 5 Then let us open wide  
 Our hearts for Him to fill ;  
 And He, that Israel then supplied,  
 Will help His Israel still. Amen.

H. F. Lyte.

*Ember Weeks.*

## 281.

[Advent.]

- 1 O King of Salem, Prince of Peace,  
 Bid strife among Thy subjects cease !  
 One is our faith, and one our Lord ;  
 One body, Spirit, hope, reward :
- 2 One God and Father of us all,  
 On whom Thy Church and people call :  
 Oh ! may we one communion be,  
 One with each other, one in Thee.
- 3 Bless all whose voice salvation brings,  
 Who minister in holy things ;  
 Our bishops, priests, and deacons bless :  
 Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.
- 4 Let many in the judgment day,  
 Turned from the error of their way,  
 Their hope, their joy, their crown appear ;  
 Save those who preach, and those who hear.

Amen.

P. Doddridge.

## 282.

[Lent.]

- 1 O LORD, we come before Thee now  
 With earnest faith and prayer,  
 That in the world's great harvest Thou  
 Wouldst send more labourers there.

- 2 Endue the bishops of Thy flock  
With wisdom and with grace  
Against false doctrines like a rock  
To set the heart and face.
- 3 To all Thy priests Thy truth reveal,  
And make Thy precepts clear,  
Make Thou Thy deacons full of zeal  
And humble and sincere.
- 4 Give to their flocks a lowly mind  
To hear and to obey :  
That each and all may mercy find  
At Thine appearing day. Amen.

*J. M. Neale.\**

### 283.

[*Whitsuntide.*]

- 1 THE Saviour, when to heaven He rose  
In splendid triumph o'er His foes,  
Scattered His gifts on men below ;  
And wide His royal bounties flow.
- 2 Hence sprang the Apostles' honoured name,  
Sacred beyond heroic fame :  
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,  
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
- 3 From Christ their varied gifts derive,  
And, fed by Christ, their graces live ;  
While, guarded by His potent hand,  
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

- 4 So shall the bright succession run,  
 Through the last courses of the sun ;  
 While unborn Churches, by their care,  
 Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.
- 5\* Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;  
 Praise Him all creatures here below ;  
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.  
*P. Doddridge.*

## 284.

[September.]

- 1 POUR out Thy Spirit from on high,  
 Lord, Thine ordainèd servants bless ;  
 Graces and gifts to each supply,  
 And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within Thy temple when they stand,  
 To teach the truth as taught by Thee.  
 Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,  
 Let all Thy Church's pastors be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,  
 Firmness with meekness from above,  
 To bear Thy people on their heart,  
 And love the souls whom Thou dost love :
- 4 To love, and pray, and never faint,  
 By day and night strict guard to keep.  
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
 Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

- 5 Then, when their work is finished here,  
May they in hope their charge resign ;  
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,  
O God, may they in glory shine. Amen.

J. Montgomery.\*

*Rogation Days.*

## 285.

- 1 LORD, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,  
And Thou hast sworn to hear ;  
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,  
The spring and falling year.
- 2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,  
We trusted, Lord, with Thee :  
And still, now Spring has on us smiled,  
We wait on Thy decree.
- 3 The former and the latter rain,  
The Summer sun and air,  
The green ear, and the golden grain,  
All Thine, are ours by prayer.
- 4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,  
The wondrous growth unseen,  
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,  
The love that shines serene.
- 5 Grant us Thy blessings so to use  
Here in the world below,  
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth  
We never may forego. Amen.

J. Keble.

## 286.

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,  
With reverence and with fear :  
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,  
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 We perish if we cease from prayer,  
Oh ! grant us power to pray,  
And when to meet Thee we prepare,  
Lord, meet us by the way.
- 3 God of all grace, we come to Thee,  
With broken, contrite hearts ;  
Give what Thine eye delights to see,  
Truth in the inward parts.
- 4 Give true humility : the sense  
Of godly sorrow give ;  
A strong desiring confidence  
To hear Thy voice, and live ;
- 5 Faith in the only Sacrifice  
That can for sin atone ;  
To cast our hopes, and fix our eyes  
On Christ, and Christ alone ;
- 6 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,  
Though mercy long delay ;  
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust Thee though Thou slay.
- 7 Give these, and then Thy will be done ;  
Thus strengthened by Thy might,  
We, by Thy Spirit, and Thy Son,  
Shall pray, and pray aright. Amen.

*J. Montgomery.*

## 287.

- 1 O KING of kings ! Thy blessing shed,  
On our anointed Sovereign's head ;  
And, looking from Thy throne in heaven,  
Protect the crown Thysel hast given.
- 2 Her, for Thy sake, may we obey ;  
Uphold her right, and love her sway ;  
Remembering that the powers that be  
Are ministers ordained by Thee.
- 3 By her this favoured nation bless ;  
To all her counsels give success ;  
In peace, in war, Thine aid be seen ;  
Confirm her strength :—O save our Queen !
- 4 And, oh ! when earthly thrones decay,  
And earthly kingdoms fade away,  
Give her a nobler throne on high,  
A crown of immortality. Amen.

## 288.

- 1 FROM foes that would the land devour,  
From guilty pride, and lust of power,  
From wild sedition's lawless hour,  
    From yoke of slavery,  
From blinded zeal by faction led,  
From giddy change by fancy bred,  
From poisonous error's serpent head,  
    Good Lord, preserve us free.

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- 2 Defend, O God, with guardian hand,  
 The laws and ruler of our land,  
 And grant our Church Thy grace to stand  
     In faith and unity.  
 The Spirit's help of Thee we crave,  
 That Thou, whose blood was shed to save,  
 May'st, at Thy second coming, have  
     A flock to welcome Thee.

Amen.

*Bp. R. Heber.*

## 289.

- 1 LORD of the harvest ! once again  
 We thank Thee for the ripened grain ;  
 For crops safe carried, sent to cheer  
 Thy servants through another year ;  
 For all sweet holy thoughts supplied  
 By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.
- 2 The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,  
 Its robe of vernal green puts on ;  
 Glad from its wintry grave it springs,  
 Fresh garnished by the King of kings :  
 So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee  
 Shall new and glorious bodies be.
- 3 Nor vainly of Thy word we ask  
 A lesson from the reaper's task ;  
 So shall Thine angels issue forth ;  
 The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,  
 Playthings of sun and storm no more,  
 Be gathered to their Father's store.

- 4 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,  
As thou hast taught, for daily bread :  
But not alone our bodies feed ;  
Supply our fainting spirits' need !  
O Bread of Life ! from day to day,  
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay ! Amen.

*J. Anstice.*

## 290.

- 1 **T**HY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,  
Thy goodness we adore ;  
A spring, whose blessings never fail,  
A sea without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love attest  
In every cheerful ray ;  
Love draws the curtains of the night,  
And love restores the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns  
With all the bliss it yields,  
With joyful clusters bend the vines,  
With harvests wave the fields.
- 4 But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,  
Are in the Gospel seen ;  
There, like the Sun, Thy mercy shines  
Without a cloud between.
- 5\* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory ; as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. Amen.

*T. Gibbons.*

## 291.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
How rich Thy bounties are !  
The rolling seasons, as they move  
Proclaim Thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness marked its secret birth  
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The Spring's sweet influence was Thine,  
The plants in beauty grew ;  
Thou gav'st resplendent suns to shine,  
And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain ;  
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone  
Thou dost on man bestow ;  
Let him not then forget to own  
From whom his blessings flow.
- 6 Fountain of love ! our praise is Thine ·  
To Thee our songs we'll raise,  
And all created nature join  
In sweet harmonious praise. Amen.

*A. Flowerdew.*

## 292.

- 1 COME, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home !  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter-storms begin :  
God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied ;  
Come to God's own temple, come :  
Raise the song of harvest-home !
- 2 We ourselves are God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear.  
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home ;  
From His field shall purge away  
All that doth offend, that day ;  
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.
- 4 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home !  
All are safely gathered in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;

There, for ever purified,  
 In God's garner to abide :  
 Come, ten thousand angels, come ;  
 Raise the glorious harvest-home ! Amen.  
*H. Alford.*

## 293.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
 For the love that crowns our days !  
 Bounteous Source of every joy,  
 Let Thy praise our tongues employ.
  - 2 For the blessings of the field,  
 For the stores the gardens yield ;  
 For the vine's exalted juice,  
 For the generous olive's use :
  - 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;  
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;  
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews  
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :
  - 4 All that Spring with bounteous hand  
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;  
 All that liberal Autumn pours  
 From her rich o'erflowing stores :
  - 5 These to Thee, O God, we owe,  
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;  
 And for these our souls shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise. Amen.
- A. L. Barbauld.*

294.

- 1 FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,  
Faithful through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness,  
Father, and Redeemer, hear !
- 2 In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength ! be Thou our stay !  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living way !
- 3 Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread ?  
With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying head !
- 4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore Thine own !  
Help, O help us to endure !  
Fit us for the promised crown !
- 5 So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee, the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings ! Amen.

*H. Dovnton.*

295.

*Psalm XC.*

- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home :

- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
  
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
  
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.
  
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their lives and cares,  
Are carried downwards by Thy flood,  
And lost in following years.
  
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
  
- 7 O God, our help in ages past ;  
Our hope for years to come ;  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home ! Amen.

*I. Watts.*

*HYMNS FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS.*

*General Occasions of Worship.*

296.

*Psalm CXXXII.*

- 1 GOD in His temple let us meet ;  
Low on our knees before Him bend ;  
Here hath He fixed His mercy-seat,  
Here on His worship we attend.
- 2 Arise into Thy resting-place,  
Thou and Thine ark of strength, O Lord !  
Shine through the veil, we seek Thy face ;  
Speak, for we hearken to Thy word.
- 3 With righteousness Thy priests array ;  
Joyful Thy chosen people be :  
Let those who teach, and hear, and pray,  
Let all—be holiness to Thee. Amen.

*J. Montgomery.*

297.

- 1 TO Thy temple we repair ;  
Lord, we love to worship there ;  
When within the veil we meet  
Christ before the mercy-seat.

- 2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue,  
That our joyful souls may bless  
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.
  
- 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to ours attend :  
Hear us, for Thy Spirit pleads ;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
  
- 4 While Thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,  
Through their voice, by faith, may we  
Hear the word of power from Thee.
  
- 5 From Thy house when we return,  
May our hearts within us burn ;  
And at evening let us say,  
We have walked with God to-day ! Amen.

*J. Montgomery.\**

## 298.

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly ;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here :  
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray ;  
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain ;  
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain ;  
Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :  
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;  
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away. Amen.

*Bp. R. Heber.*

**299.**

*O quam juvat fratres, Deus.*

- 1 O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see  
The brethren join in love to Thee !  
On Thee alone their heart relies,  
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.
- 2 How sweet, within Thy holy place,  
With one accord to sing Thy grace,  
Besieging Thine attentive ear  
With all the force of fervent prayer.
- 3 O may we love the house of God,  
Of peace and joy the blest abode !  
O may no angry strife destroy  
That sacred peace, that holy joy !
- 4 The world without may rage, but we  
Will only cling more close to Thee,  
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,  
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven.
- 5 Lord, shower upon us from above  
The sacred gift of mutual love ;  
May we each other's wants supply,  
And reign together in the sky. Amen.

*J. Chandler. (tr.)*

300.

- 1 **L**O ! God is here ! let us adore,  
And own how dreadful is this place ;  
Let all within us feel His power,  
And silent bow before His face !  
Who know His power, His grace who prove,  
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.
  
- 2 Lo ! God is here ! Him day and night  
Th' united quires of angels sing :  
To Him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring :  
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.
  
- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,  
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone :  
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give ;  
O take, O seal them for Thine own !  
Thou art the God ! Thou art the Lord !  
Be Thou by all Thy works adored !
  
- 4 Being of beings, may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;  
Still may we stand before Thy face,  
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will :  
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,  
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice ! Amen.  
*G. Tersteegen. C. Wesley. (tr.)*

301.

*Psalm LXXXIV.*

- 1 O GOD of hosts, the Mighty Lord,  
How lovely is the place  
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, shew'st  
The brightness of Thy face !
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire  
To view Thy blest abode :  
My panting heart and flesh cry out  
For Thee, the living God.
- 3 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,  
How highly blest are they,  
Who in Thy temple always dwell,  
And there Thy praise display !
- 4 Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee,  
Their sure protection made ;  
Who long to tread the sacred ways  
That to Thy dwelling lead !
- 5 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,  
And still approach more near,  
Till all on Sion's holy mount  
Before their God appear.
- 6 Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,  
How highly blest is he,  
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,  
Is still reposed on Thee !

*New Version.*

## 302.

*Psalm LXXXIV.*

1 LORD of the worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair  
 The dwellings of Thy love,  
 Thy earthly temples, are !  
     To Thine abode  
     My heart aspires  
     With warm desires  
     To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray  
 Where God appoints to hear !  
 O happy men that pay  
 Their constant service there !  
     They praise Thee still ;  
     And happy they  
     That love the way  
     To Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength  
 Through this dark vale of tears,  
 Till each arrives at length,  
 Till each in heaven appears :  
     O glorious seat,  
     When God our King  
     Shall thither bring  
     Our willing feet !

*I. Waits*

303.

*Psalm LXXXIV.*

- 1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above  
In the land of light and love ;  
Pleasant are Thy courts below,  
In this land of sin and woe ;  
Oh ! my spirit longs and faints  
For the converse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
For Thy fulness, God of grace !
- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O Most High !  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly Father's breast !  
Like the wandering dove, that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.
- 3 Happy souls ; their praises flow  
Even in this vale of woe ;  
Waters in the desert rise ;  
Manna feeds them from the skies :  
On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

*H. F. Lyte.*

## 304.

- 1 LORD, when before Thy throne we meet,  
Thy goodness to adore,  
From heaven, th' eternal mercy-seat,  
On us Thy blessing pour ;  
And make our inmost souls to be  
An habitation meet for Thee.
- 2 The Body for our ransom given ;  
The Blood in mercy shed ;  
With this immortal food from heaven,  
Lord ! let our souls be fed !  
And, as we round Thy Table kneel,  
Help us Thy quickening grace to feel.
- 3 Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh !  
Accept the humble prayer,  
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,  
The sinner's heartfelt tear ;  
And let our adoration rise,  
As fragrant incense, to the skies. Amen.

## 305.

- 1 MY God, and is Thy Table spread ?  
And doth Thy Cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all Thy children led,  
And let them all Thy sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes !  
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood !  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

- 3 Oh ! let Thy Table honoured be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests ;  
And may each soul salvation see  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 4 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord !  
And bid our drooping graces live ;  
And more, that energy afford  
A Saviour's Blood alone can give. Amen.  
*P. Doddridge.*

## 306.

*Sancti, venite, Corpus Christi sumite.*

- 1 DRAW nigh, and take the Body of the Lord,  
And drink the holy Blood for you outpoured.
- 2 Saved by that Body, hallowed by that Blood,  
Whereby refreshed, we render thanks to God.
- 3 Salvation's Giver, Christ the only Son,  
By that His Cross and Blood the victory won.
- 4 Offered was He for greatest and for least :  
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.
- 5 Victims were offered by the Law of old,  
That in a type, celestial mysteries told.
- 6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from  
shade,  
Giveth His holy grace His saints to aid.
- 7 Approach ye then, with faithful hearts sincere,  
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

*J. M. Neale. (tr.)*

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## 307.

- 1 O GOD, unseen yet ever near,  
Thy presence may we feel ;  
And, thus inspired with holy fear,  
Before Thine altar kneel.
- 2 Here may Thy faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love,  
The streams that through the desert flow,  
The manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to Thy word,  
To feast on heavenly Food ;  
Our meat, the Body of the Lord,  
Our drink, His precious Blood.
- 4 Thus may we all Thy words obey,  
For we, O God, are Thine ;  
And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renewed with strength divine.
- 5\* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. Amen.

*E. Osl...*

## 308.

- 1 IN the Name of God the Father,  
In the Name of God the Son,  
In the Name of God the Spirit,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
In the Name which highest angels  
Speak not ere they veil their face,

Crying—Holy, Holy, Holy,  
Come we to this sacred place.

- 2 Here, in figure represented,  
See the Passion once again ;  
Here, behold the Lamb most Holy  
As for our redemption slain ;  
Here the Saviour's Body broken,  
Here the Blood which Jesus shed—  
Mystic Food of life eternal—  
See, for our refreshment spread.
- 3 Here shall highest praise be offered,  
Here shall meekest prayer be poured,  
Here with body, soul, and spirit,  
God Incarnate be adored.  
Holy Jesu ! for Thy coming  
May Thy love our hearts prepare ;  
Thine we fain would have them wholly,  
Enter, Lord, and tarry there. Amen.

J. W. Hewett.

### 309.

*Jesu, Dulcedo cordium.*

- 1 JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts !  
Thou Fount of life ! Thou Light of men !  
From the best bliss that earth imparts,  
We turn unfilled to Thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;  
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;  
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,  
To them that find Thee, All in all !

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- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,  
And long to feast upon Thee still !  
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,  
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill !
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;  
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,  
Make all our moments calm and bright,  
Chase the dark night of sin away,  
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light !

Amen.

*From St. Bernard. R. Palmer. (tr.)*

## 310.

- 1 BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,  
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed ;  
Ever may our souls be fed,  
With this true and Living Bread ;  
Day by day with strength supplied  
Through the life of Him who died.
- 2 Vine of heaven, Thy Blood supplies  
This blest Cup of sacrifice ;  
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give ;  
To Thy cross we look and live :  
Jesu, may we ever be  
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee. Amen.

*J. Conder*

## 311.

- 1 GLAD sight ! the holy Church  
Spreads forth her wings of love,  
To welcome to her breast a child  
Begotten from above.
- 2 Begotten at the font  
By God the Spirit's power,  
A gentle lamb from Satan snatched  
In childhood's helpless hour.
- 3 E'en now around the font,  
Unseen by mortal eye,  
Bright ministering Angels watch  
The wondrous mystery.
- 4 There to receive their charge  
In readiness they stand,  
And long to guide its feeble steps  
To their own happy land.
- 5 And all the host of heaven  
Rejoice before the Lord,  
To see one child of fallen man  
A child of God restored.
- 6 Praise Him who made,—praise Him  
Who did redeem our race ;  
Praise Him who doth us sanctify  
With pure baptismal grace. Amen.

## 312.

- 1 **L**ORD ! may the inward grace abound  
Through Thine appointed outward sign ;  
A milder seal than Abraham found  
Of covenant blessings more divine ;  
Which opens glory to our view  
Beyond the brightest hope he knew.
- 2 **T**ype of the Spirit's living flow,  
In faith we pour the hallowed stream ;  
We sign the cross upon the brow,  
The solemn pledge of truth to Him,  
Who shed for us His precious Blood  
To seal the covenant of God.
- 3 **B**aptized into the Trinity,  
Adopted children of Thy grace,  
Oh help us, Lord, to live to Thee,  
A humble, pure, and faithful race :  
Instruct us, sanctify, defend,  
And crown with heavenly life our end. Amen.

## 313.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding  
With the Shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs Thy bosom share ;
- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;  
There, we know, Thy word believing,  
Only there, secure from harm !

- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
    Let them be the lion's prey ;  
Let Thy tenderness so loving  
    Keep them all life's dangerous way :
- 4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,  
    Let them find a resting-place,  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
    Drink the rivers of Thy grace !
- 5\* Glory give we, praise and blessing,  
    To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Holy Ghost, confessing  
    One true God, the Three in One. Amen.

*Confirmation.*

## 314.

- 1 O GOD, in whose all-searching eye  
Thy servants stand, to ratify  
The Vow Baptismal by them made,  
When first Thy hand was on them laid !  
Bless them, O Holy Father, bless,  
Who Thee with heart and voice confess ;  
May they, acknowledged as Thine own,  
Stand evermore before Thy Throne.
- 2 O Christ, who didst at Pentecost  
Send down from heaven the Holy Ghost !  
Arm these thy youthful soldiers, Lord,  
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword ;

Forth to the battle may they go,  
 And boldly fight against the foe,  
 And so at last receive from Thee  
 The palm and crown of victory.

- 3 Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come !  
 And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home ;  
 Thus consecrated, Lord, to Thee  
 May each a living temple be :  
 Enrich that temple's holy shrine  
 With sevenfold gifts of grace divine ;  
 With wisdom, light, and knowledge, bless,  
 Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.
- 4 O Trinity in Unity,  
 One only God, and Persons Three !  
 In whom, through whom, by whom we live,  
 To Thee we praise and glory give :  
 O grant us so to use Thy grace,  
 That we may see Thy glorious face,  
 And ever with the heavenly host  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.
- C. Wordsworth.*

## 315.

- 1 THINE for ever ! God of love,  
 Hear us from Thy throne above ;  
 Thine for ever may we be,  
 Here and in eternity.

- 2 Thine for ever ! Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife ;  
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever ! O how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest ;  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,  
O defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine for ever ! Saviour, keep  
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;  
Safe alone beneath Thy care  
Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine for ever ! Thou our Guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied,  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven ! Amen.

## 316.

- 1 THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,  
That earliest wedding day,  
The primal marriage blessing,  
It hath not passed away.
- 2 Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid,  
The Holy Three are with us,  
The three-fold grace is said :

- 3 For dower of blessed children,  
For love and faith's sweet sake,  
For high mysterious union  
Which nought on earth may break.
  
  - 4 Be present, awful Father,  
To give away this Bride,  
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam  
Out of his own pierc'd side.
  
  - 5 Be present, Son of Mary,  
To join their loving hands,  
As Thou didst bind two natures  
In Thine eternal bands.
  
  - 6 Be present, Holiest Spirit,  
To bless them as they kneel ;  
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,  
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.
  
  - 7 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them !  
Let no ill power find place,  
When onward to Thine altar  
The hallowed path they trace,
  
  - 8 To cast their crowns before Thee  
In perfect sacrifice,  
Till to the home of gladness  
With Christ's own Bride they rise. Amen.
- J. Keble.*

## 317.

- 1 LORD, who at Cana's wedding feast  
Didst as a guest appear,  
Thou dearer far than earthly guest,  
Vouchsafe Thy presence here :
- 2 For holy Thou indeed dost prove  
The marriage vow to be,  
Proclaiming it a type of love  
Between the Church and Thee.
- 3 On those who at Thy altar kneel,  
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,  
That each may wake the other's zeal  
To love Thee more and more.
- 4 O give them here in peace to live,  
In purity and love,  
And, this world leaving, to receive  
A crown of life above.
- 5\* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. Amen.

*Burial of the Dead.*

## 318.

- 1 NOW lay we calmly in the grave  
This form, whereof no doubt we have  
That it shall rise again that day,  
In glorious triumph o'er decay.

- 2 And so to earth again we trust  
What came from dust, and turns to dust,  
And from the dust shall surely rise  
When the last trumpet fills the skies.
  - 3 *His* trials and *his* griefs are past,  
A blessed end is *his* at last ;  
*He* bore Christ's yoke, and did His will,  
And though *he* died *he* liveth still.
  - 4 *He* lives where none can mourn and weep,  
And calmly shall this body sleep  
Till God shall Death himself destroy  
And raise it into glorious joy.
  - 5 So help us, Christ, our hope in loss !  
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy cross  
From endless death and misery ;  
We praise, we bless, we worship Thee !
- M. Weiss. C. Winkworth. (tr.)*

## 319.

- 1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow ;  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !
- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
Thou hast shed the human tear :  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

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- 3 When the sullen death-bell tolls  
For our own departed souls ;  
When our final doom is near,  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !
- 4 Thou hast bowed the dying head ;  
Thou the blood of life hast shed ;  
Thou hast filled a mortal bier :  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !
- 5 When the heart is sad within  
With the thought of all its sin ;  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !
- 6 Thou the shame, the grief hast known,  
Though the sins were not Thine own,  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear,  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear ! Amen.

*H. H. Milman.*

*Laying the Foundation Stone of a Church.*

320.

- 1 O LORD of Hosts, whose glory fills  
The bounds of the eternal hills,  
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,  
To dwell in temples made with hands ;
- 2 Grant that all we, who here to-day  
Rejoicing this foundation lay,  
May be in very deed Thine own,  
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

- 3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,  
 That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place ;  
 The beauty of the oak and pine,  
 The gold and silver, make them Thine.
- 4 To Thee they all pertain ; to Thee  
 The treasures of the earth and sea ;  
 And when we bring them to Thy throne,  
 We but present Thee with Thine own.
- 5 The heads that guide endue with skill :  
 The hands that work preserve from ill ;  
 That we who these foundations lay  
 May raise the top-stone in its day.
- 6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect  
 The temple of Thine own elect ;  
 Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,  
 O ever-blessèd Trinity ! Amen.

*J. M. Neale.*

*Consecration of a Church.*

321.

*Angulare Fundamentum.*

- I C HRIST is made the sure Foundation  
 And the precious Corner-stone ;  
 Who, the twofold walls surmounting,  
 Binds them closely into one ;  
 Holy Sion's help for ever,  
 And her confidence alone.

- 2 All that dedicated City  
Dearly loved by God on high,  
In exultant jubilation  
Pours perpetual melody :  
God the One, and God the Trinal  
Singing everlastingly.
- 3 To this Temple, where we call Thee,  
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day !  
With Thy wonted loving-kindness  
Hear Thy servants as they pray :  
And Thy fullest benediction  
Shed within these walls for aye.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants,  
What they supplicate, to gain :  
Here to have and hold for ever  
Those good things their prayers obtain ;  
And hereafter, in Thy glory,  
With Thy blessed ones to reign.
- 5 Laud and honour to the Father,  
Laud and honour to the Son,  
Laud and honour to the Spirit,  
Ever Three and ever One :  
Consubstantial, co-eternal,  
While unending ages run. Amen.

*J. M. Neale. (tr.)*

## 322.

- 1 LORD of Hosts ! to Thee we raise  
Here a house of prayer and praise :  
Thou Thy people's heart prepare,  
Here to meet for praise and prayer !
- 2 Let the living here be fed  
With Thy Word, the heavenly bread ;  
Here, in hope of glory blest,  
May the dead be laid to rest !
- 3 Here to Thee a temple stand  
While the sea shall gird the land :  
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,  
While the sun and moon endure !
- 4 Hallelujah ! earth and sky  
To the joyful sound reply !  
Hallelujah ! hence ascend  
Prayer and praise till time shall end ! Amen

7. Montgomery.

*Missions.*

[Home.]

## 323.

- 1 SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise,  
Gird you with your armour bright ;  
Mighty are your enemies,  
Hard the battle ye must fight.
- 2 O'er a faithless fallen world  
Raise your banner in the sky ;  
Let it float there wide unfurled ;  
Bear it onward, lift it high.

- 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living Word,  
Let the Saviour's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.
- 4 Where the shadows deepest lie,  
Carry truth's unsullied ray ;  
Where are crimes of blackest dye,  
There the saving sign display.
- 5 To the weary and the worn  
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;  
To the outcast and forlorn  
Speak of mercy and of peace.
- 6 Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,  
Comfort trouble, banish grief ;  
With the Spirit's sword arrayed,  
Scatter sin and unbelief.
- 7 Be the banner still unfurled,  
Bear it bravely still abroad,  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdoms of the Lord. Amen.

*W. W. How.*

### 324.

[*Foreign.*]

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,

U

**From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.**

- 2 **What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile ?  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.**
- 3 **Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation ! O salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's Name.**
- 4 **Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.**

*Bp. R. Heber.*

## 325.

- 1 THOU, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight ;  
Hear us, we humbly pray ;  
And, where the gospel's day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light !
- 2 Thou, Who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
Oh, now to all mankind,  
Let there be light !
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight !  
Move on the water's face  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light !
- 4 Holy and blessed Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Wisdom, Love, Might !

Boundless as ocean's tide  
 Rolling in fullest pride,  
 Through the earth, far and wide,  
 Let there be light ! Amen.

*J. Marriott*

### 326.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God !  
 In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
 Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love  
 To preach the reconciling word ;  
 Give power and unction from above,  
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;  
 Confusion, order in Thy path ;  
 Souls without strength inspire with might ;  
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare  
 All the round earth her God to meet ;  
 Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,  
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations far and nigh ;  
 The triumphs of Thy Cross record ;  
 The name of Jesus glorify,  
 'Till every kindred call Him Lord. Amen.

*J. Montgomery.*

## 327.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! send Thy grace  
    All-powerful from above ;  
To form in our obedient souls  
    The image of Thy love.
- 2 Oh, may our sympathizing breast  
    That generous pleasure know,  
Freely to share in others' joy,  
    And weep for others' woe.
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief  
    In low distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
    And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying men,  
    Enthroned above the skies ;  
And, when He saw their lost estate,  
    Felt His compassion rise.
- 5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,  
    On wings of mercy flew,  
We, whom the Saviour thus hath loved,  
    Should love each other too.

*P. Doddridge.*

## 328.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of good ! to own Thy love  
    Our thankful hearts incline ;  
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,  
    When all the worlds are Thine ?

- 2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,  
Partakers of Thy grace,  
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess  
Before Thy Father's face.
- 3 In their sad accents of distress  
Thy pleading voice is heard,  
In them Thou mayst be clothed and fed,  
And visited and cheered.
- 4 Thy face, with reverence and with love,  
We in Thy poor would see,  
For while we minister to them,  
We do it, Lord, to Thee.

*School Festivals.*

329.

- 1 O HOLY Lord, content to live  
In a poor home, a lowly child,  
And in subjection meek to give  
Obedience to Thy mother mild !
- 2 Lead every child that bears Thy Name  
To walk in Thy pure upright way,  
To dread the touch of sin and shame,  
And humbly, like Thyself, obey.
- 3 O let not this world's scorching glow  
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,  
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,  
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

- 4 Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,  
And gently in Thy bosom bear ;  
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,  
And bid them rest for ever there !
- 5 So shall they, waiting here below,  
Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,  
In wisdom and in stature grow,  
And favour both with God and man.

Amen.

*W. W. How.*

## 330.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, from above  
Thy feeble flock behold ;  
And let us never lose Thy love,  
Nor wander from Thy fold.
- 2 Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away ;  
Thy hand is ever near,  
To guide them lest they go astray,  
And keep them safe from fear.
- 3 Thy tender care supports the weak,  
And will not let them fall ;  
Then teach us, Lord, Thy praise to speak,  
And on Thy Name to call.
- 4 We want Thy help, for we are frail ;  
Thy light, for we are blind ;  
Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,  
To prove that Thou art kind.

- 5 Teach us the things we ought to know ;  
     And may we find them true ;  
     And still, in stature as we grow,  
         Increase in wisdom too.
- 6 Guide us through life ; and when at last  
     We enter into rest,  
     Thy tender arms around us cast,  
         And fold us to Thy breast. Amen.

*W. H. Bathurst.*

*In time of Trouble.*

331.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Lord, before Thy throne  
     Thy mourning people bend,  
     For on Thy pardoning grace alone  
         Our prostrate hopes depend.
- 2 Dire judgments from Thy heavy hand  
     Thy dreadful power display ;  
     Yet mercy spares our guilty land,  
         And still we live to pray.
- 3 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
     By thy subduing grace ;  
     So shall our hearts obey Thy word,  
         And we shall see Thy face.
- 4 If famine, plague, or foes invade,  
     We shall not sink in fear,  
     Secure of all-sufficient aid,  
         When God, our God, is near.

## 332.

- 1 GOD of our life, to Thee we call,  
Afflicted at Thy feet we fall ;  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where shall we pour our deep complaint ?  
Where but with Thee, Whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever sinner plead with Thee,  
And Thou reject his lowly plea ?  
Does not Thy word still fixed remain,  
That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?
- 4 Then hear, O Lord, our humble cry,  
And bend on us Thy pitying eye :  
To Thee their prayer Thy people make,  
Hear us, for our Redeemer's sake. Amen.

*W. Cowper.\**

*In time of War.*

## 333.

- 1 O GOD of love, O King of peace !  
Make wars throughout the world to cease :  
The wrath of sinful man restrain ;  
Give peace, O God, give peace again !
- 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,  
The wonders that our fathers told ;  
Remember not our sins' dark stain ;  
Give peace, O God, give peace again !

- 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?  
Where rest but on Thy faithful word ?  
None ever called on Thee in vain ;  
Give peace, O God, give peace again !
- 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,  
All hearts are knit in holy love ;  
O bind us in that heavenly chain ;  
Give peace, O God, give peace again ! Amen.

*Day of Thanksgiving.*

## 334.

*Psalm CIV.*

- 1 O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above :  
O gratefully sing His power and His love ;  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,  
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy space ;  
His chariots of wrath, deep thunder-clouds  
form,  
And dark is His path on the wings of the  
storm.
- 3 (Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the  
plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.)
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail :  
Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

- 5 O measureless Might ! ineffable Love !  
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation, tho' feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.  
Amen.  
*Sir R. Grant.*

## 335.

*Psalm C.*

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power without our aid  
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise,  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love ;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand  
When rolling years have ceased to move.
- 5\* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heaven adore,  
Be glory, as it was of old  
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.  
*I. Watts.\**

## 336.

- 1    **L**ORD God, we worship Thee !  
     In loud and happy chorus,  
     We praise Thy love and power,  
     Whose goodness reigneth o'er us !  
     Since golden Peace, O Lord,  
     Thou grantest us to see,  
     Our land with one accord,  
     Lord God, gives thanks to Thee !
- 2    **L**ord God, we worship Thee !  
     Thou didst indeed chastise us,  
     Yet still Thy anger spares,  
     And still Thy mercy tries us ;  
     Once more our Father's hand  
     Doth bid our sorrows flee,  
     And Peace rejoice our land ;  
     Lord God, we worship Thee !
- 3    **L**ord God, we worship Thee !  
     And pray Thee, who hast blest us,  
     That we may live in peace,  
     And none henceforth molest us ;  
     O crown us with Thy love ;  
     Fulfil our cry to Thee,  
     O Father, grant our prayer ;  
     Lord God, we worship Thee !
- J. Franck. C. Winkworth. (tr.)

337.

### *Cantemus cuncti.*

**T**HE strain upraise of joy and praise,  
Hallelujah !  
To the glory of their King  
Shall the ransomed people sing,  
Hallelujah !  
And the choirs that dwell on high  
Shall re-echo through the sky,  
Hallelujah !  
They through the fields of Paradise who roam,  
The blessed ones, repeat through that bright  
home, Hallelujah !  
The planets glittering on their heavenly way,  
The shining constellations, join and say,  
Hallelujah !  
Ye clouds that onward sweep,  
Ye winds on pinions light,  
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,  
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,  
In sweet consent unite your Hallelujah !  
Ye floods and ocean billows,  
Ye storms and winter snow,  
Ye days of cloudless beauty,  
Hoar frost and summer glow ;  
Ye groves that wave in spring,  
And glorious forests, sing  
Hallelujah !

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,  
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say

Hallelujah !

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,  
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again,

Hallelujah !

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous  
Hallelujah !

There let the valleys sing in gentle chorus,  
Hallelujah !

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry

Hallelujah !

Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply

Hallelujah !

To God, who all creation made,  
The frequent hymn be duly paid ;

Hallelujah !

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord  
Almighty loves ; Hallelujah !

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ  
Himself approves ; Hallelujah !

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,  
Hallelujah !

And children's voices echo, answer making,  
Hallelujah !

Now from all men be outpoured

Hallelujah to the Lord ;

With Hallelujah evermore

The Son and Spirit we adore.

Praise be done to the Three in One,

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Amen.

*Godescalculus. J. M. Neale. (tr.)*

## 338.

- 1 **C**OME, O come ! in pious lays  
Sound we God Almighty's praise ;  
Hither bring, in one consent,  
Heart, and voice, and instrument :  
Music add of every kind,  
Sound the trump, the cornet wind,  
Strike the viol, touch the lute,  
Let not tongue nor string be mute ;  
Nor a creature dumb be found  
That hath either voice or sound.
- 2 Let those things which do not live  
In still music praises give ;  
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep  
On the earth or in the deep :  
Loud aloft your voices strain,  
Beasts and monsters of the main ;  
Birds, your warbling treble sing ;  
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring ;  
Sun and moon, exalted higher,  
And bright stars, augment the choir.
- 3 Come, ye sons of human race,  
In this chorus take your place,  
And amid the mortal throng  
Be you masters of the song :  
Angels and supernal powers,  
Be the noblest tenor yours :  
Let, in praise of God, the sound  
Run a never-ending round,  
That our song of praise may be  
Everlasting, as is He.

- 4 From earth's vast and hollow womb,  
 Music's deepest base may come ;  
 Seas and floods, from shore to shore,  
 Shall their counter-tenors roar :  
 To this concert, when we sing,  
 Whistling winds your descants bring ;  
 That our song may over-climb  
 All the bounds of place and time,  
 And ascend, from sphere to sphere,  
 To the great Almighty's ear.
- 5 So from heaven on earth He shall  
 Let His gracious blessings fall ;  
 And this huge wide orb we see  
 Shall one choir, one temple be ;  
 Where in such a praiseful tone  
 We will sing what He hath done,  
 That the cursed fiends below  
 Shall thereat impatient grow :  
 Then, O come, in pious lays  
 Sound we God Almighty's praise ! Amen.

*G. Wither.*

### 339.

- 1 HARK, my soul, how every thing  
 Strives to serve our bounteous King ;  
 Each a double tribute pays,  
 Sings its part, and then obeys.
- 2 Nature's chief and sweetest quire  
 Him with cheerful notes admire ;  
 Chanting every day their lauds,  
 While the grove their song applauds.

- 3 Though their voices lower be,  
Streams have too their melody ;  
Night and day they warbling run,  
Never pause, but still sing on.
- 4 All the flowers that gild the spring  
Hither their still music bring ;  
If heaven bless them, thankful they  
Smell more sweet and look more gay.
- 5 (Only we can scarce afford  
This short office to our Lord ;  
We, on whom His bounty flows,  
All things gives and nothing owes.)
- 6 Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,  
Wake, and gladly say thy part ;  
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,  
How to use thy nobler powers.
- 7 Call whole nature to thine aid,  
Since 'twas He whole nature made ;  
Join in one eternal song,  
Who to one God all belong.
- 8 Live for ever, glorious Lord !  
Live, by all Thy works adored !  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
Thrice we bow to Thee alone !

*J. Austin.*

## 340.

*Psalm C.*

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
    Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;  
    Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,  
    Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;  
    Without our aid He did us make :  
    We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
    And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,  
    Approach with joy His courts unto ;  
    Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,  
    For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,  
    His mercy is for ever sure ;  
    His Truth at all times firmly stood,  
    And shall from age to age endure.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
    The God whom heaven and earth ad  
From men and from the angel-host  
    Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

*Old Version.*

## 341.

*Psalm CIII.*

- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;  
    To His feet thy tribute bring ;  
    Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
    Who like thee His praise shall sing ?

Praise Him ! praise Him !  
Praise the everlasting King !

- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour,  
    To our fathers in distress ;  
Praise Him, still the same for ever,  
    Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;  
        Praise Him ! praise Him !  
        Glorious in His faithfulness !
- 3 Father-like He tends and spares us ;  
    Well our feeble frame He knows ;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
    Rescues us from all our foes :  
        Praise Him ! praise Him !  
        Widely as His mercy flows !
- 4 Angels, help us to adore Him,  
    Ye behold him face to face ;  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him ;  
    Dwellers all in time and space,  
        Praise Him ! praise Him !  
        Praise with us the God of grace ! Amen.

*H. F. Lyte.*

## 342.

*Psalm CXVII.*

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies  
    Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung  
    Through every land, by every tongue !

- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord !  
 Eternal truth attends Thy word ;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more. Amen.

*I. Watts.*

### 343.

#### *Psalm CXLVIII.*

- 1 PRAISE the Lord of heaven, praise Him in  
 the height,  
 Praise Him, all ye angels, praise Him, stars and  
 light ;  
 Praise Him, skies, and waters which above the  
 skies,  
 When His word commanded, 'stablished did  
 arise.
- 2 Praise the Lord, ye fountains of the deeps, and  
 seas,  
 Rocks and hills and mountains, cedars and all  
 trees ;  
 Praise Him, clouds and vapours, snow, and  
 hail, and fire,  
 Stormy wind, fulfilling only His desire.
- 3 Praise Him, fowls and cattle, princes and all  
 kings,  
 Praise Him, men and maidens, all created  
 things ;  
 For the Name of God is excellent alone,  
 Over earth His footstool, over heaven His  
 throne. Amen.

*T. B. Browne.*

## 344.

*Psalm CXLVIII.*

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore Him ;  
Praise Him, angels in the height ;  
Sun and moon rejoice before Him ;  
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.  
Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken ;  
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;  
Laws which never shall be broken  
For their guidance He has made.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious ;  
Never shall His promise fail ;  
God has made His saints victorious ;  
Sin and death shall not prevail.  
Praise the God of our salvation ;  
Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;  
Heaven and earth and all creation,  
Laud and magnify His Name. Amen.

## 345.

*Psalm CL.*

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,  
Saints within His courts below,  
Angels round His throne above,  
All that see and share His love.  
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,  
Tell His wonders, sing His worth ;  
Age to age, and shore to shore,  
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

- 2 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace ;  
 Praise His providence and grace,  
 All that He for man hath done,  
 All He sends us through His Son :  
 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,  
 In the concert bear your parts ;  
 All that breathe, your Lord adore,  
 Praise Him, praise Him, evermore ! Amen.

*H. F. Lyte.*

### 346.

- 1 O PRAISE the Lord ; for He is love,  
 The mighty Lord, and King of kings :  
 O thank the God all gods above,  
 From whom eternal mercy springs.
- 2 O praise Him on His glory-throne,  
 The mighty Lord, and King of kings,  
 Who doth all wondrous deeds alone,  
 From whom eternal mercy springs.
- 3 Who by His wisdom heaven arrayed,  
 The mighty Lord, and King of kings,  
 And earth above the waters laid ;  
 From whom eternal mercy springs.
- 4 Who feeds all tribes that live and move,  
 The mighty Lord, and King of kings :  
 Thank Him, whose heavenly Name is love,  
 From whom eternal mercy springs. Amen.

## 347.

- 1 **L**ORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure  
That our happy lifetime gives,  
The inestimable treasure  
Of a soul that ever lives ;  
Mind that looks before and after,  
Yearning for its home above,  
Human tears and human laughter,  
And the depth of human love.
- 2 For the thrill, the leap, the gladness  
Of our pulses flowing free ;  
E'en for every touch of sadness,  
That may bring us nearer Thee :  
But, above all other kindness,  
Thine unutterable love,  
Which, to heal our sin and blindness,  
Sent Thy dear Son from above.
- 3 Teach us so our days to number,  
That we may be early wise ;  
Dreamy mist or cloud of slumber  
Never dull our heavenward eyes ;  
Hearty be our work and willing,  
As to Thee and not to men,  
For we know our soul's fulfilling  
Is in heaven, and not till then. Amen.

## 348.

- 1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
    My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
    In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy Providence my life sustained,  
    And all my wants redrest,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
    And hung upon the breast.
- 3 Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
    Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
    From whence these comforts flowed.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth  
    With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
    And led me up to man.
- 5 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
    With health renewed my face ;  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
    Revived my soul with grace.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
    My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
    That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 7 Through all eternity to Thee  
    A joyful song I'll raise :  
But O ! eternity's too short  
    To utter all Thy praise !

*J. Addison.*

## 349.

- 1 HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of Thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death ! Amen.

*J. Newton.*

350.

*Jesu! dulcis memoria.*

- 1 O JESU ! memory dearest,  
True gladness of the heart,  
What joy of unknown sweetness  
Thy Presence doth impart.
- 2 No song was ever chanted,  
Nor music ever heard,  
Nor thought conceived so lovely,  
As Jesus, Son of God.
- 3 Jesu ! the Hope of mourners,  
To suppliants how kind !  
How good to all who seek Thee !  
But what to those who find ?
- 4 Jesu ! the soul's best rapture,  
Of Truth the Fountain bright ;  
Outpassing far all pleasure,  
All coveted delight.
- 5 No tongue hath ever told it ;  
No word hath e'er express'd ;  
Who loveth Jesus knoweth,—  
And he alone,—how blest !

## PART II.

- 1 O Jesu ! King most worthy,  
Most noble Conqueror,  
Ineffable in meekness,  
Most perfect Comforter !

- 2 Lord ! stay Thou ever with us ;  
Be Thou our constant day ;  
Bid from our path night's darkness,  
And cheer earth's desert way.
- 3 When Thou within abidest,  
Truth in our breasts doth shine ;  
The vain world looks its vilest ;  
We glow with love divine.
- 4 Come all ! acknowledge Jesus ;  
Seek Jesus ardently ;  
Beseech His love so precious ;  
Yea, beg it fervently.
- 5 Who taste Thee, Lord ! still hunger ;  
Who drink, are thirsty still :  
Jesus, their only longing,  
Alone their souls can fill.
- 6 Jesu ! the Angels' glory,  
Oh ! theme to ear most sweet ;  
To lip, far more than honey ;  
The soul's celestial meat.
- 7 Jesu ! of all things dearest,  
For Thee my soul doth sigh ;  
My loving tears aye seek Thee ;  
My inmost heart doth cry.
- 8 Jesu ! the Virgin's firstborn,  
Who kindlest all our love,  
As God we now adore Thee ;  
Our portion Thou above. Amen.  
*St. Bernard. W. E. Green. (tr.)*

## 351.

- 1 AMONGST His twelve Apostles  
     Christ spake the words of life,  
     And shewed a realm of beauty  
         Beyond a world of strife :  
     Upon the mount of Tabor  
         The promise was made good,  
     When, baring all the Godhead,  
         In light itself He stood.
- 2 In days of old on Sinai  
     The Lord of Sabaoth came  
     In majesty of terror,  
         In thunder-cloud and flame :  
     On Tabor, with the glory  
         Of sunniest light for vest,  
     The excellence of beauty  
         In Jesus was express'd.
- 3 O holy wondrous vision !  
     But what, when this life past,  
     The beauty of Mount Tabor  
         Shall end in heaven at last ?  
     But what, when all the glory  
         Of uncreated Light  
     Shall be the promised guerdon  
         Of them that win the fight ?

*St. Cosmas. J. M. Neale. (tr.)*

352.

- 1 O LORD, upon Thy heritage,  
Send down a gracious rain ;  
And if it faint, with dews refresh  
The thirsty land again.
- 2 There dwells Thy chosen flock, for whom  
Thou hast prepared a place,  
Which for the poor Thou didst provide  
Of Thine especial grace.
- 3 God gave the word, His voice was heard  
By nations far abroad ;  
For mighty were the men that preached  
The gospel of our God.
- 4 Kings heard and quaked, then rose the Church  
Fresh from her martyrs' fires ;  
Her nursing mothers queens became,  
And kings her nursing sires.
- 5 Therefore, ye islands of the sea !  
Give thanks with one accord ;  
And thou, in all thy temple gates,  
O Israel ! praise the Lord !
- 6 Praise to the Father, to the Son,  
And Holy Ghost on high ;  
As was of old, is now, shall be,  
Through all eternity. Amen.

353.

*Psalm LXXXVII.*

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God ;  
 He whose word cannot be broken,  
 Formed thee for His own abode :  
 On the Rock of Ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose ?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove :  
 Who can faint, while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?  
 Grace, which like the Lord the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Saviour, if in Zion's city  
 Thou record my worthless name,  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in the shame :  
 Fading is the sinner's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show ;  
 Solid joy and lasting treasure,  
 None but Zion's children know.

*J. Newton.\**

354.

*Psalm LXXII.*

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And princes throng to crown His Head ;  
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice ;
- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more ;  
In Him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the long Amen ! Amen.

*I. Watts.*

## 355.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word  
What endless glory shines !  
For ever be Thy name adored  
For these celestial lines :
- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around,  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 O may the heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight,  
And still new beauties may we see,  
And still increasing light.
- 4 Divine Instructor, glorious Lord,  
Be Thou for ever near ;  
Teach us to love Thy sacred Word,  
And find the Saviour there. Amen.

*A. Steele.*

## 356.

- 1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,  
Makes His eternal counsels known ;  
Here love in all its glory shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 The prisoner here may break his chains ;  
The weary rest from all his pains ;  
The captive feel his bondage cease ;  
The mourner find the way of peace.

- 3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes  
A brighter world beyond the skies ;  
Here shines the light which guides our way  
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 4 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,  
To see Thy light, to know Thy word ;  
Its truths with meekness to receive,  
And by its holy precepts live. Amen.

*B. Beddome.*

*Death.*

## 357.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep,  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes !
- 2 Asleep in Jesus ! O how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet,  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death has lost his venom'd sting !
- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest !  
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! O for me  
May such a blissful refuge be !  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high. Amen.

## 358.

- 1 EARTH to earth, and dust to dust,  
Lord, we own the sentence just ;  
Head and tongue, and hand and heart,  
All in guilt have borne their part ;  
Righteous is the common doom,  
All must moulder in the tomb.
  
- 2 Like the seed in spring-time sown,  
Like the leaves in autumn strown,  
Low these goodly frames must lie,  
All our pomp and glory die ;  
Soon the Spoiler seeks his prey,  
Soon he bears us all away.
  
- 3 Yet the seed, upraised again,  
Clothes with green the smiling plain ;  
Onward as the seasons move,  
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove ;  
And shall we forgotten lie,  
Lost for ever, when we die ?
  
- 4 Lord, from nature's gloomy night  
Turn we to the Gospel's light ;  
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,  
Thou wilt all Thy people save ;  
Ransomed by Thy Blood, the just  
Rise immortal from the dust. Amen.

*J. H. Gurney.*

## 359.

*Dies iræ! dies illa.*

- 1 DAY of wrath ! O day of mourning !  
See fulfilled the prophet's warning !  
Heaven and earth to ashes burning !
- 2 O what fear the sinner rendeth,  
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,  
On whose sentence all dependeth !
- 3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,  
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,  
All before the Throne it bringeth.
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo, the Book, exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded !  
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.
- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading,  
Who for me be interceding,  
When the just are mercy needing ?
- 8 King of Majesty tremendous,  
Who dost free Salvation send us,  
Fount of pity, then befriend us !
- 9 Think, kind Jesu, my salvation  
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation ;  
Leave me not to reprobation.

- 10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,  
On the cross of suffering bought me ;  
Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?
- 11 Righteous Judge ! for sin's pollution  
Grant Thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that day of retribution.
- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning ;  
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.
- 13 Thou the sinful woman savedst ;  
Thou the dying thief forgavest ;  
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,  
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying.
- 15 With Thy favoured sheep Oh ! place me,  
Nor among the goats abase me ;  
But to Thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded,  
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,  
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Low I kneel, with heart-submission ;  
See, like ashes, my contrition ;  
Help me in my last condition.
- 18 Ah, that day of tears and mourning !  
From the dust of earth returning,  
Man for judgment must prepare him,  
Spare ! O God in mercy spare him !  
Lord, all-pitying, Jesu blest,  
Grant us Thine eternal rest. Amen.

*Thomas of Celano.*

## 360.

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose bar severe,  
With holy joy or guilty dread,  
We all shall soon appear ;  
Our cautioned souls prepare  
For that tremendous day,  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray.
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,  
The awful hour unknown,  
When, robed in majesty and power,  
Thou shalt from heaven come down,  
The immortal Son of Man,  
To judge the human race,  
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,  
With all Thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,  
To increase our duteous fears,  
For ever let the Archangel's voice  
Be sounding in our ears ;  
The solemn midnight cry,  
" Ye dead, the Judge is come !  
" Arise, and meet Him in the sky,  
" And meet your instant doom ! "
- + Oh ! may we thus be found,  
Obedient to His word,  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord :  
Oh ! may we thus insure  
Our lot among the blest,  
And watch a moment, to secure  
An everlasting rest ! Amen.

*C. Wesley.*

## 361.

- 1 IN that dim and awful day,  
When this world shall pass away,  
Where shall be the sinner's stay?  
Miserere Domine !
- 2 Not alone I then shall stand,  
Trembling 'mid the uncertain band,  
Who shall watch Thy dread right hand.  
Miserere Domine !
- 3 Not alone, but one with Thee,  
In thy true humanity,  
Saviour, shall my portion be.  
Miserere Domine !
- 4 I should fear my soul to cast  
On that shadowy realm so vast,  
Held I not Thy Manhood fast.  
Miserere Domine !
- 5 Thine, by angel-hosts adored,  
Thine, the all-creating Word,  
Thine, the Church's Head and Lord.  
Miserere Domine !
- 6 At that awful judgment-tide,  
Rock of Ages, let me hide  
Deep within Thy wounded side.  
Miserere Domine !  
Amen

## 362.

- 1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
- 2 When shrivelling, like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll ;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;
- 3 Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Amen.

*Sir W. Scott.*

## 363

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear ?  
The end of things created :  
The Judge of mankind doth appear  
On clouds of glory seated :  
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before ;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
- 2 The dead in Christ are first to rise  
At the last trumpet's sounding ;  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding ;  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.

- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
     Behold His wrath prevailing ;  
     For they shall rise and find their tears  
         And sighs are unavailing.  
     The day of grace is past and gone ;  
     Trembling they stand before His throne,  
         All unprepared to meet Him.
- 4 Great Judge, to Thee our prayers we pour,  
     In deep abasement bending ;  
     O shield us in that last dread hour,  
         Thy wondrous love extending ;  
     May we, in this our trial day,  
     With faithful hearts Thy word obey,  
         And thus prepare to meet Thee. Amen.

## 364.

- 1 J ERUSALEM, my happy home,  
     When shall I come to thee ?  
     When shall my sorrows have an end,  
         Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 O happy harbour of the saints !  
     O sweet and pleasant soil !  
     In thee no sorrow may be found,  
         No grief, no care, no toil.
- 3 We that are here in banishment  
     Continually do moan,  
     We sigh, and sob, we weep, and wail,  
         Perpetually we groan.

- 4 Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,  
Would God I were in thee !  
Would God my woes were at an end  
Thy joys that I might see !
- 5 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks  
Continually are green,  
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.
- 6 Quite through the streets, with silver sound,  
The flood of Life doth flow ;  
Upon whose banks on every side  
The wood of Life doth grow.
- 7 There trees for evermore bear fruit,  
And evermore do spring ;  
There evermore the angels sit  
And evermore do sing.
- 8 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Would God I were in thee !  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see ! Amen.

## 365.

- 1 J ERUSALEM, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me !  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scene,  
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein  
In glorious majesty;  
And Him, through every stormy scene,  
I onward press to see.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

## 366.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers :  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes !
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Nor Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

*I. Watts.*

## 367.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land ; could mortal eyes  
But half its joys explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more !

- 3 There pain and sickness never come,  
     And grief no more complains :  
     Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
     And endless pleasure reigns.
- 4 No cloud those blissful regions know,  
     For ever bright and fair ;  
     For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
     Can never enter there.
- 5 There no alternate night is known,  
     Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;  
     But glory from the sacred Throne  
     Spreads everlasting day.
- 6 The glorious Monarch there displays  
     His beams of wondrous grace ;  
     His happy subjects sing His praise  
     And bow before His face.
- 7 O may the heavenly prospect fire  
     Our hearts with ardent love,  
     Till wings of faith and strong desire  
     Bear every thought above !
- 8 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
     For Thy bright courts on high ;  
     Then bid our spirits rise, and join  
     The chorus of the sky. Amen.

*A. Steele.*

## 368.

*From "De contemptu mundi."*

## PART I.

- 1 **T**HE world is very evil ;  
The times are waxing late :  
Be sober and keep vigil ;  
The Judge is at the gate :
- 2 The Judge that comes in mercy,  
The Judge that comes with might,  
To terminate the evil,  
To diadem the right.
- 3 Then glory yet unheard of  
Shall shed abroad its ray,  
Resolving all enigmas,  
An endless Sabbath-day.
- 4 Then, then from his oppressors  
The Hebrew shall go free,  
And celebrate in triumph  
The year of Jubilee.
- 5 Midst power that knows no limit,  
And wisdom free from bound,  
The Beatific Vision  
Shall glad the saints around ;
- 6 The peace of all the faithful,  
The calm of all the blest,  
Inviolate, unvaried,  
Divinest, sweetest, best.

- 7 Strive, man, to win that glory ;  
     Toil, man, to gain that light ;  
     Send hope before to grasp it,  
     Till hope be lost in sight. Amen.

## PART II.

- 1 BRIEF life is here our portion,  
     Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
     The life that knows no ending,  
     The tearless life, is *there*.
- 2 O happy retribution !  
     Short toil, eternal rest ;  
     For mortals and for sinners  
     A mansion with the blest !
- 3 And now we fight the battle,  
     But then shall wear the crown  
     Of full and everlasting  
     And passionless renown :
- 4 And now we watch and struggle,  
     And now we live in hope,  
     And Syon, in her anguish,  
     With Babylon must cope ;
- 5 But He, whom now we trust in,  
     Shall then be seen and known ;  
     And they that know and see Him  
     Shall have Him for their own.
- 6 Yes ! God my King and Portion,  
     In fulness of His grace,  
     We then shall see for ever,  
     And worship face to face. Amen.

## PART III.

- 1 FOR thee, O dear, dear Country !  
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep.
- 2 The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, and rest.
- 3 O one, O only Mansion !  
O Paradise of Joy !  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy ;
- 4 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;  
The sardis and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays ;
- 5 Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced ;  
The saints build up its fabric,  
And the corner-stone is Christ.
- 6 The Cross is all thy splendour ;  
The Crucified thy praise ;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise.
- 7 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !  
Thou hast no time, bright day !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away !

- 8 Upon the Rock of Ages  
 They raise thy holy tower ;  
 Thine is the victor's laurel,  
 And thine the golden dower.

## PART IV.

- 1 JERUSALEM, the golden !  
 With milk and honey blest ;  
 Beneath thy contemplation  
 Sink heart and voice opprest.
- 2 I know not, oh ! I know not  
 What social joys are there ;  
 What radiancy of glory,  
 What light beyond compare.
- 3 They stand, those halls of Syon,  
 Conjubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng :
- 4 The Prince is ever in them,  
 The daylight is serene :  
 The pastures of the blessed  
 Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 5 Jerusalem, the glorious !  
 The glory of the elect !  
 O dear and future vision  
 That eager hearts expect !
- 6 O fields that know no sorrow !  
 O state that fears no strife !  
 O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !  
 O realm and home of light !  
*Bernard of Cluny. J. M. Neale. (tr.)*

369.

*Psalm XXX.*

- 1 O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,  
Our prayers to Thee vouchsafe to hear ;  
Thou, that on cherubim didst ride,  
Again in solemn state appear.
- 2 To Thee, O God of hosts, we pray ;  
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew :  
From heaven, Thy throne, Thy church survey,  
And her sad state with pity view.
- 3 Behold the vineyard made by Thee,  
Which Thy right hand did guard so long :  
And keep that branch from danger free,  
Which for Thyself Thou mad'st so strong.
- 4 Do Thou convert us, Lord ; do Thou  
The lustre of Thy face display ;  
And all the ills we suffer now,  
Like scattered clouds shall pass away. Amen.

*New Version.\**

370.

*Psalm LXXXI.*

- 1 LORD, Thou hadst planted with Thy hands  
A lovely Vine in heathen lands ;  
Thy power defended it around,  
And heavenly dews enriched the ground.
- 2 How did the spreading branches shoot,  
And bless the nations with the fruit ;  
But now, good Lord, look down and see  
Thy mourning Vine, that lovely tree !

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- 3 Why is its beauty thus defaced ?  
 Why hast Thou laid her fences waste ?  
 Strangers and foes against her join,  
 And every beast devours the Vine.
- 4 Return ! Almighty God, return !  
 Nor let Thy bleeding vineyard mourn ;  
 Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore,  
 We shall be saved and weep no more. Amen.

*I. Watts.\**

*Miscellaneous.*

371.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
 With angels round the throne ;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
 "To be exalted thus :"  
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
 "For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honour and power divine :  
 And blessings more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,  
 To bless the sacred Name  
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

*I. Watts.*

## 372.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose when He  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;  
God will make new heavens and earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No ! the church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ. Amen.

*J. Montgomery.*

373.

- 1 MY God, how wonderful Thou art !  
Thy Majesty how bright !  
How beautiful Thy Mercy seat,  
In depths of burning light !
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years, .  
O everlasting Lord !  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored.
- 3 O how I fear Thee, Living God,  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope  
And penitential tears !
- 4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art,  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.
- 5 No earthly father loves like Thee,  
No mother, e'er so mild,  
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done  
With me, Thy sinful child.
- 6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,  
And lift mine eyes to Thee ! Amen.

*F. W. Faber.\**

## 374.

*Psalm XXIII.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a Shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noon-day walks He shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wandering steps He leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For Thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;  
The barren wilderness shall smile  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

*J. Addison.*

## 375.

- 1 THOU art the Way ; to Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee ;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;  
And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

*Bp. G. W. Doane.*

## 376.

- 1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,  
With rays of beauty shine !  
O let Thy favour crown our days,  
And all their round be Thine !
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,  
Our hands might toil in vain ;  
Small joy success itself could give,  
If Thou Thy love restrain.

- 3 With Thee let every week begin,  
With Thee each day be spent ;  
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,  
Since each by Thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,  
Till all our labours cease,  
And Heaven refresh our weary souls  
With everlasting peace ! Amen.

*P. Doddridge.*

### 377.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,  
Hast all our fathers led ;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace ;  
God of our fathers ! be the God  
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace ! Amen.

*P. Doddridge & J. Logan.*

## 378.

- 1 SALVATION ! oh ! the joyful sound !  
     'Tis pleasure to our ears !  
     A sovereign balm for every wound,  
     A cordial for our fears !
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
     At hell's dark door we lay ;  
     But we arise, by grace Divine,  
     To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
     The spacious earth around,  
     While all the armies of the sky  
     Conspire to raise the sound !     Amen.

*I. Watts.*

## 379.

O MOST merciful,  
     O most bountiful,  
     God the Father Almighty !  
     By the Redeemer's  
     Sweet intercession,  
     Hear us, help us, when we cry !     Amen.

*Bp. R. Heber.*

## 380.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
     And the Father's boundless love,  
     With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
     Rest upon us from above !  
     Thus may we abide in union  
     With each other and the Lord,  
     And possess, in sweet communion,  
     Joys which earth cannot afford.     Amen.

*J. Newton.*

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